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NOTES FROM A DIARY

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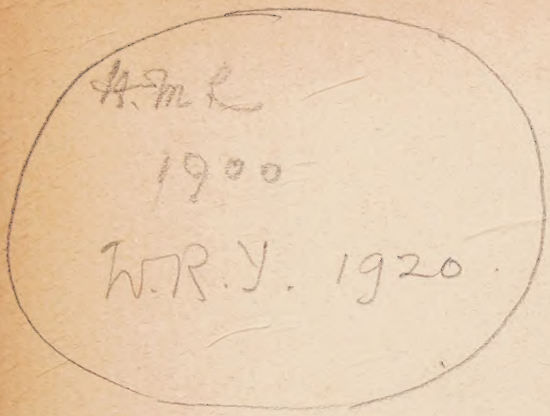
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NOTES FROM A DIARY

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Notes from a Diary

1851-1872

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1897

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TO

My Wife

THESE BRIEF RECORDS

OF MANY PLEASANT THINGS

SEEN OR HEARD IN OUR EARLY MARRIED LIFE

ARE GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED

PREFACE

In the year 1847 I determined to keep a diary, and began to do so on my eighteenth birthday, making an entry in it, longer or shorter, for every day that passed over me. It was not, however, till I had continued this practice for something like a quarter of a century, that it occurred to me to read through what I had written. Having done so, I came to the conclusion that I had seen much about which it was desirable I should leave some permanent record, but that the record I possessed would not be intelligible to any one save myself. I extracted from it accordingly all that I thought likely to be interesting to persons whose tastes were similar to my own, threw it into a fairly readable shape, and ever afterwards kept my

diary in two forms—one a very brief record for every day, the other much fuller. In the last I made entries by no means for every day, but only when I thought I had something which might possibly be worth publication at some future period. The second record, my diary proper, commenced with the year 1873, and now extends to many volumes. The pages which I at present publish, and which may be considered as a sort of preface to it, belong to the first series, or that which ended with the year 1872. They begin only with the first day of the half-century ; for those which came before them, covering the time from 21st February 1847 to 31st December 1850, related chiefly to my undergraduate life at Oxford, and contained, of course, very little that could claim attention from any outside the circle of my most intimate friends. On the 1st of January 1851 I had just left Balliol, after taking my B.A. degree, and was approaching twenty-two.

It will be observed that I have said very little about the House of Commons, although fifteen of the years included in the portion of my notes now published were passed in that Assembly. I have done so for three reasons: *first*, because I wished to make these pages as light as possible; *secondly*, because I was anxious to leave behind me one of the most good-natured books of its kind ever printed, and I apprehend that for a politician to write truthfully of the political struggles in which he has been engaged, without paying to some of the combatants "the genuine tribute of undissembled horror," would be a hopeless enterprise; *thirdly*, because I had, during these fifteen years, frequent opportunities of stating my views upon all public matters, in Parliament and out of it, opportunities of which I availed myself pretty freely.

With regard to the journeys which I undertook from 1859 to 1866, mainly as a part of my political education, I put the expressed essence

of endless conversations and much reading, in connection with them, into a variety of publications, among which I may enumerate—

1. *Studies in European Politics*, Edinburgh, 1866, containing papers on Spain, Russia, Austria, Germany, Holland and Belgium.

2. *A Political Survey*, Edinburgh, 1868, being a bird's-eye view of the state of all the countries with which we then carried on business through the Foreign Office.

3. *Elgin Speeches*, Edinburgh, 1871, containing most of the addresses delivered to my constituents from 1860 to 1870 inclusive.

As each of these books found, when they first appeared, about as many readers as I could reasonably expect, I have thought it unnecessary to return, in the present work, to the subjects discussed in them. The only exception I have made occurs in 1864, in which year I have, for reasons stated in the text, quoted from my *Studies in European Politics* some remarks about Poland.

I have reprinted in 1867 nearly the whole of a paper in which I gave an account of things in Italy, as they presented themselves to my mind some months after my return from Rome in the spring of that year. I have done so because, although it appeared in the *North British Review*, it has never been republished in a volume. It was to have been included in a second series of *Studies in European Politics*, the idea of publishing which I had naturally to abandon when I took charge of Indian affairs in the House of Commons towards the end of 1868.

Unlike the journeys to which I have been alluding, those of 1870, 1871, and 1872, which are given in some detail in the following pages, were holiday excursions, the purpose of which was not study but relaxation.

To relegate to the background nearly all the more serious part of life, and to ignore every disagreeable person and thing I have come across, would, if I were writing my memoirs, be

a very indefensible proceeding. I am not, however, writing my memoirs. Heaven forbid! I am merely publishing some notes on things that have interested me, and this being so, I consider myself quite justified in saying, like the sundial—

"Horas non numero nisi serenas."

1851

January

1. Drove to Vaucluse, seeing on my way the olive for the first time. The drought had continued for many months, and Petrarch's fountain was a dark sullen pool. Below it, however, the Sorgues burst out right merrily from the limestone, and hurried down the valley.

"I am where snowy mountains round me shine;
But in sweet vision truer than mine eyes
I see pale Genoa's marble crescent rise
Between the water and the Apennine.

On the sea-bank she couches like a deer,
A creature giving light with her soft sheen,
While the blue ocean and the mountain green,
Pleased with the wonder, alway gaze on her."

(*Faber.*)

It was not thus that on the 4th of January I first saw the great city of the Riviera. I first saw Genoa on a soft winter morning with a grey sky above, and a slowly-heaving sea below. I landed in the forenoon, and received my first impressions of Italy from the Palaces of the Strada Nuova, from the oranges and oleanders growing in the open air, and from the women in their graceful white *pezzotti*.

From Genoa I journeyed by diligence and vetturino carriage — past lovely Rapallo and Sestri di Levante, over the high pass of Bracco, and onward to the South *via* Lucca to Pisa, where, after seeing the Cathedral, etc., I climbed the Leaning Tower to look seaward for the islands made famous by the memorable malediction —

> "Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti
> Del bel paese lá dove il si suona ;
> Poi che i vicini a te punir son lenti,
> Muovasi la Capraia e la Gorgona,
> E faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,
> Si ch' egli annieghi in te ogni persona."

My cicerone in Florence was Shirley, who had been an undergraduate with me, and who, some years after this, became Professor of Ecclesiastical History at

Oxford, but died in middle life. He took me to the Tribune, to Titian's Flora, to the Boboli Gardens, to Fiesole, and much else. Amongst various stories which he told during our walks, one stays in my memory, which I must write down.

There was a bishop in Perugia in whose house lived a nephew, of whose morals his uncle took the greatest possible care. He particularly objected to the young man's staying out late at night. The nephew was extremely steady, and came home usually at a very early hour. One night, however, he did not do so—11 o'clock came, 12 o'clock came, still he did not appear. At last the bishop went to bed, and the next morning sent for the offender, and asked him where he had been. The nephew replied that he had only been at the marriage supper of one of his friends. The bishop, flying into a passion, said that marriage suppers were very bad things. The young man, thinking it would be a telling argument, suggested that his Right Reverend uncle must have forgotten that Christ himself went to a marriage supper at Cana in Galilee, whereupon the old man blurted out, "Primo chi sa se è vero, e poi non è la piu bella cosa che ha fatto Nostro Signor!"

After two days spent in Florence, where I saw the Arno blue, which I have never done since, I went by railway to Siena.

15. From Siena to the Solitary Inn of La Scala, crossing the Arbia.

16. Through a wild barren country, cultivated here and there, but full of deep rifts and claybanks—a very desert—to Radicofani. Near it there is a noble view, over a wide waste coloured at 10 o'clock in the morning as if by an English Sunset, and with the blue distance so familiar in Italian pictures. Down a long descent into the valley of the Paglia to San Centino and the Papal frontier.

17. The great Volsinian Mere—dead as Avernus, and oak woods all around. On through Montefiascone, of "Est, Est, Est," celebrity, and across the Ciminian forest.

I extract the following from a note-book of this period.

"About half-past 7 o'clock in the morning of the 18th of January, we slowly descended the steep and slippery streets of Ronciglione, which hangs half-way down the Ciminian Hill, near the site of the ancient Sutrium. In front, as far as the eye could reach, lay

the vast rolling plain of the Campagna, its low ridges clearly seen in the sun, its valleys still filled with the night fog, islanded by which Soracte rose on the left, with the cloud-covered Apennines behind and over it.

"This, the last day's journey by vetturino from Florence along the Siena road, is a most convenient one, for you have apart from all other recollections—such for instance as attach to a place like Viterbo—the narrow theatre of most of the early wars which fill so much of the first Decade of Livy, the scene of Rome's hard struggles for extension of dominion towards the north, which scarcely ever ceased for eight centuries, till her fleets rode in the Pentland, and her armies crossed the Elbe.

. . . . . .

"We passed along through thickets of brambles, above which the broom grows high and tree-like, over wide extents of short grass, among scattered oak-trees still wearing their last year's leaves, across streams, here running clear and rapid, a little below or above, slimy and stagnant, but all with deep channels overhung by tangled brushwood.

"Up one gentle ascent, down another, passing now a herd of the mild-eyed, long-horned oxen of the country,

next perhaps a flock of sheep, tended by shepherds whose peculiar arrangement of goatskin about the leg leaves no doubt as to whence ancient art borrowed its Satyrs ; here a solitary, ague-stricken house (in one we passed, some brigands had a few days before been captured), there a marsh with seagulls wheeling about it, while everywhere cultivation had its outposts in the waste, trying, it would seem, to keep up a sort of claim to the territory, most of which it had so long abandoned.

"We halted at Baccano, a bad and pestilential post-house ; however, at this season one had nothing to fear from the last peculiarity. Again on the road, but little to interest in tufa grottoes and ruined brick mediaeval towers. At last, after many disappointments, we reached the brow of a low rising ground, and there, stretching far to left and right, were white houses and grey towers, with hills and clouds mingling confusedly in the background.

"I was glad to have this sort of view as my first, to have one's attention directed to no particular spot or building, but to see and think of the whole as Rome and Rome only. For, great doubtless as is the interest of particular things and places in it, how infinitely does

it fall short of that absorbing interest which attaches to the city itself, to the very ground on which it is built.

"Even if we accept the ordinary account, and it is now pretty certain that the Foundation of Rome is placed too late by several centuries, there was a city here long before the Eastern monarch, in the pride of his heart, said, 'Is not this great Babylon, that I have built?' When the rival brothers climbed the rival hills, and fate seemed for a moment to hesitate whether Rome should be Rome or an Italian Carthage, the merchant princes still dwelt in Aradus, she and Sidon and Tyre were still the markets of the world,—the Persians were unknown among their mountains, and Athens and Sparta were slowly maturing, in petty wars and municipal changes, the strength which was to prevent Asia becoming the leading quarter of the globe,—Sardinia was still to the Eastern imagination an island of the blest, and the white sails of Massilia gleamed not yet upon the Western waters. Barbarism, or civilisation such as now exists in the Pacific, lay dark upon Spain and Gaul, while all beyond was, we should say, dead and silent, were it not for here and there a pillar or a tomb, on shores washed by the North Sea or the Baltic.

"The Latin poet, when he wished to express an impossibility, or at least something so unlikely as almost to be one, spoke of the days when the German should drink the Tigris, and the Parthian the Arar. We have seen stranger things than these—a Batavian colony has settled in the southern extremity of Ethiopia, and a traveller from the Cassiterides has explored the native country of Herodotus—yet still the 'City of Strength' spreads along her river, whose narrow and turbid waters her name has made more famous than the Indus or the Amazon.

"Some time passed, giving one an opportunity of looking back to where once stood Veii, and behind, more in the distance, the site of Corniculum—the space between them filled up by the same billowy open ground, with grey light passing into purple mantling it. The near view was broken only by the monument falsely called the Sepulchre of Nero, close by which ran our road—in the shade, though shade they scarcely cast, of scattered and gnarled Ilexes.

"Suddenly the way turned round a hill, and at once came in sight the dome of St. Peter's. How few buildings have so occupied men's minds as it has done! 'It yawns with rents and will speedily fall,' they say

one day; 'It is mined and will be blown up,' they say another; yet there it is, calm, colossal, sublime, looking on the half-century just born into the world.

"Again a valley with pollarded trees on the level, cypresses and stone pines on the height, then a rapid descent and the Milvian bridge is before us—one moment and we cross the Tiber, a little more, and then, appropriately by the People's Gate, we enter Rome, the most astonishing monument which earth holds of man's glory and his shame, of his most exceeding strength, and his still more exceeding weakness."

On the 19th January I went to the Pantheon and St. Peter's in the morning, and to see the Colosseum by moonlight.

From that date I remained in Rome for more than a month, seeing as much as I could, and reading Dante with Lucentini, a pleasant old man who had had Chateaubriand, Bunsen, Peel, and Follett, amongst his pupils. I think he had been more impressed with the aptitude for learning of the last mentioned, than by that of any of the others.

It was early during this time (on the 27th of January) that I made the acquaintance of Leopold von Orlich, a Prussian officer who had written much upon

strategical history, and had travelled in India, with whom I afterwards became very intimate.

February

20. Left Rome for Naples, sleeping soundly all through the Pontine Marshes.

25. When I came on deck this morning Ustica was near, and before long the mountains behind Palermo came in sight far to the south. I landed in the forenoon, and remained in Sicily till the 16th of March—time enough to have gone round the whole island, if the weather had not been so disastrously bad. As it was, I saw Palermo, Monreale, Calatafimi, which Garibaldi had not then made famous, Marsala, Trapani, Messina, etc., and came under the spell of Greek architecture at Segesta and Selinus.

I incorporated the results of some observation in, and a great deal of reading on, Sicily, in a paper which I published in the year 1857, in the *Oxford Essays*, from which the following passages are extracts.

"At the north-west angle of the plain of Palermo there rises a lofty and precipitous mass of rock, the Ercte of Polybius, but the Monte Pellegrino of our

own days ; for it was to a cave in this mountain that, as the legend tells us,

> From all the youth of Sicily
> St. Rosalie retired to God.

"Viewed from the sea, its bold and singularly picturesque outline makes the strong language of Goethe, who called it the most beautiful promontory in the world, seem hardly an exaggeration. From its topmost peak, nearly 2000 feet above the sea, we look beyond Cape Zafarana along the coast of Sicily. Far away to the north lies the islet of Ustica, memorable for one of those hideous tragedies which have made infamous the Carthaginian name—the treacherous abandonment of a large body of mercenaries in their service, who here perished miserably. At our feet is the city of Palermo, with its two great streets cutting each other at right angles, with the thickly-peopled and entangled lanes on each side of them, with its open-air life, with its long convent balconies, with its memories of the Norman kings, and the tomb of Frederick II., with its Marina[1] softly fanned by the

[1] This place struck my fancy very much, and I lived to reproduce it on a larger scale, at the ends of the earth, as any visitor to Madras may

gentle sea breeze,—on summer nights the gayest of all the gay promenades of southern Europe. Behind the city lies that broad level which has long been called, from its richness, and from the graceful curve of its girdling mountains, the 'shell of gold.' It is one wide sea of green, up close to the city walls. In the midst of this earthly paradise took place the great battle between Hasdrubal and the Romans, during the first Punic war, which won for the Metelli the right to place an elephant on their family coins. Such recollections jar rudely with the peace and beauty of the scene. Well might Goethe angrily remonstrate with his guide when he reminded him of this battle, and broke the spell which the perfect loveliness of all around had thrown upon him. When, however, we have once associated the Plain of Palermo with thoughts of this character, it would be unpardonable to omit to speak of the church of the Holy Spirit on the banks of the Oreto, marked now by the public cemetery, where an insult offered to a beautiful

see. Walking with me on the evening of 18th February 1886, the Italian General Saletta said suddenly, "On se dirait à Palerme," little knowing that it was the Sicilian promenade which had suggested to his companion the one along which we were then passing.

Sicilian girl brought about the tremendous retribution which is known in history as the Sicilian Vespers.

"It was on Monte Pellegrino that Hamilcar Barca, a general only inferior to his great son, so long defied all the efforts of the Romans. It is a curious chance which connects his name with that of the greatest of sailors, our own Nelson, who is said to have established the telegraph station upon the summit of the rock.

"Very different from the view which we have been considering is that which lies before one who stands amidst the overturned ruins of Selinunte. To left and right stretch the fallen columns, 'Pillars of the Giants,' as the peasants have well named them. Human malevolence and the terrible might of the earthquake have done their worst, and hardly one stone is left upon another. The view from Monte Pellegrino is one essentially of the day. It should be seen on a spring morning, when the blue waters of the bay are laughing to the light. Not so this: Selinunte should be visited in the evening, when the stars are coming out one by one over the blue line of the Nebrodian mountains, when the wide level of limestone looks grey and ghostly, when the mist comes up from the marshes, and the waves of the

African sea tumble in cold white masses upon the dunes which fringe the coast.

"Nothing can be less like the plain of Selinus than the mountain wilderness in which her rival Segesta had her dwelling. The temple, or basilica, and the theatre, are the chief relics which this city, always alien in character to its neighbours, and twice, so to speak, the Count Julian of Sicily, has bequeathed to our times. Behind the first the rocks fall down perpendicularly into a brawling torrent, over which rises a rugged and sterile range. The second looks far down to the Gulf of Castellamare, along a green and flowery valley. Perhaps there is no spot in Sicily which is more suggestive of thoughts upon the strange changes which time brings to pass, than one where a gap in the hills shows the passer-by, on the one hand, the Greek temple, on the other the mediaeval fortress, round which are clustered the houses of Calatafimi.

"The view over the Straits of Messina from the Peloric range is different from all of these. Around us grow the arbutus and the tree-heath, and the wild bees hum amongst the thyme. Away to the left lie the Lipari islands, sleeping in the sun. In front the Calabrian hills rise to the height of several thousand

feet, bolder and more precipitous than the coast of Sicily. Beneath us the Braccio of Messina guards the harbour of that beautiful and hapless city. Beyond it Charybdis, undistinguished from where we stand, twists its now all but harmless eddies, while between it and the other coast is the broad ocean river which has seen so much. Through it the Greek colonists sailed to Cumae. Alcibiades stood across it in his galley to plead the cause of Athens in the Agora of Messana. On its shore, just below us, the Romans landed, nominally to aid the Mamertines, really to anticipate a Carthaginian invasion of Italy. By it Verres stored his plunder; up it St. Paul sailed to Puteoli, in the Castor and Pollux. Alaric attempted to cross it, but was foiled by a storm, in this, the last enterprise which he undertook before the waters of the Busentinus closed over his schemes of conquest. Count Roger, under the guidance of a more fortunate star, came over it to win a kingdom. Cœur de Lion, landing on its shores, eclipsed by his magnificence his liege lord and ally. In the city below us he hoisted his flag, and there, too, he submitted to penance for his presumption. There he listened to the Apocalyptic dreams of the Abbot Joachim, and thence he sailed for

the 'ports of sunny Cyprus' and the Holy Land. Here Charles of Anjou received the ambassadors of Peter of Aragon, biting his sceptre with impotent rage. Hence, too, in later days, Don John sailed to conquer at Lepanto, and Nelson to conquer the Nile."

March

By March 18th I was back in Naples, and saw during the next ten days Vesuvius, Paestum, Pompeii, Camaldoli, and all the usual sights.

On the 27th I left Naples and returned to Rome by Gaeta, Terracina, and Nemi.

"I climbed the 'far-seen white rocks' of Anxur. In front lay the Circeian Promontory, the sea beyond studded with the islands of the exiles. Behind the range of hills I had crossed in the morning had once stood Cicero's Formian Villa. The long Cape of Gaeta reminded one of the Aeneid. Lautulae must have been almost at my feet, and the white towns on the heights to the North stood, some of them, on the site of Volscian ones.

"Let the traveller between Rome and Naples, if he wishes to feel himself amidst the scenes of many of the

most remarkable events of the elder days of Italy, go up to where round the ruins of Theodoric's palace the myrtle grows tall on the hill of Terracina."

30. To the Sistine Chapel to see the blessing of the Golden Rose.

I find the following in a note-book with reference to this day.

"My thoughts were more occupied by the Princes of the Church than by the service at which they assisted. Opposite me sat Piccolomini, whose reputation as the most popular Cardinal added no small pleasure to what one derived from recollections of his noble Tuscan house and Schiller's most beautiful creation. Near him sat Castracani, his name recalling the great middle age Lord of Lucca. Further on was Lambruschini, whose election to the Papacy, which had very nearly occurred, might have materially altered the history of the last few years. Altieri said mass, and once and again the book was carried to Pio Nono. To see him, and to think of so much goodwill and so little fruition, was not calculated to promote cheerfulness; but not far off sat one whose name has nothing to do with falling states and the cast-away hopes of nations. No one could undervalue the life of the

scholar as he looked on the calm brow of Angelo Mai."

April

1. To the Baths of Caracalla, which I saw as Shelley has described them, and preferred, as they *then* were, to all other Roman Ruins.

"In one of the buttresses," says Shelley, "that supports an immense and lofty arch which 'bridges the very winds of heaven,' are the crumbling remains of an antique winding staircase, whose sides are open in many places to the precipice. This you ascend, and arrive on the summit of these piles. There grow on every side thick entangled wildernesses of myrtle and bay and the flowering laurustinus, whose white blossoms are just developed, the wild fig, and a thousand nameless plants, sown by the wandering winds. . . . Still further winding up one half of the shattered pyramids, by the path through the blooming copsewood, you come to a little mossy lawn, surrounded by the wild shrubs; it is overgrown by anemones, wallflowers, and violets, whose stalks pierce the starry moss, and with radiant blue flowers, whose names I know not, and which scatter through the air

the divinest odour, which, as you recline under the shade of the ruin, produces sensations of voluptuous faintness, like the combinations of sweet music."

On the 9th of April I started on horseback accompanied by Orlich and a young Sicilian of German descent — Prince Radali. We rode the first day to Tivoli, where I saw Adrian's Villa, The Cascatelle, The Temple, etc.

On the 10th we rode some two-and-twenty miles into the Apennines to Subiaco, and were well received by the Abbot of Santa Scholastica, where we spent the night ; pursuing our journey the next day across the hills, through the most enchanting scenery, to Palestrina.

I find the following amongst some notes of this tour.

"The lights were out in Santa Scholastica ; the abbot had paid us his last visit, the monks had all gone to their cells, and the corridors were empty and silent.

"The moon looked over the hill tops into the quiet little cloister below our rooms, and half lay in light, and half in shadow.

"I thought over the last few hours, our visit to the Sacro Speco (the cave of St. Benedict), the triple chapel of the noble monastery which covers it, the road wind-

ing up to hermitages among the mountains, the roses famous in legend for the serpent with crushed head upon their leaves. The spell of the middle ages and of the Roman Church was on everything,—no, not on everything—for I knew, though I could not hear it, that the Anio was dashing below, changed in name, not in character, still the river the heathen poet knew it, still the 'headlong Anio.'

"The sun rose upon Santa Scholastica, and long before its rays became powerful, we were on our road, Orlich telling me of his conversations with Ranke before the outbreaks of '48. We spoke of the future of Continental Europe, of the prodigious forces at work in Germany and elsewhere—the fresh breeze which blew up the valley brought on its wings the thoughts of the modern time."

On the 12th Orlich and myself—for Radali, who had had a bad fall from his horse, returned to Rome from Subiaco—went on to Frascati, where we explored the ruins of Tusculum, as we had done the evening before those of Praeneste.

On the 13th we rode through the lovely Alban hills to Grotta Ferrata, had a peep of Nemi, and returned by Albano to Rome.

I saw very conscientiously the ceremonies of the Holy Week, and was most struck by the silver trumpets on Easter Sunday, and by the silver and gold illumination of the dome of St. Peter's.

It was about this time that I made the acquaintance of Captain, afterwards Major, Macpherson, who had already done such good service amongst the Khonds, and was destined to do still better by keeping Scindia straight in the Indian Mutiny. It was with him I heard the Miserere in St. Peter's.

Before leaving Rome I wrote the following, addressed to Madame von Orlich, who was the Mary M. of the *Récit d'une Sœur*, which was not written, however, till many years after this period.

Two sunsets still, and then no more my feet
Within the seven-hilled city's walls shall stand,
And other towers than hers mine eyes must greet,
And distance draw around its icy band.

We part ;—I go where Gothic pines are waving ;
And thou, where summer-breezes softest be—
Where, gay Sorrento's fairy gardens laving,
Flash the blue waters of the Middle Sea.

Yet oft in distant lands my heart will borrow
The southward-sailing sea-bird's rapid wing,

To say to thee and thine a blithe good-morrow,
And all kind wishes round thy path to fling ;

But most, when spring flowers once again are blowing,
If that the storms which shake our Europe sleep,
A home where green the German oak is growing,
And the broad rivers to the Baltic sweep.

And long, long years of influence and love,
And hosts of friends around thee still to stand ;
And the calm sense of bliss, all else above,
And a name long to linger in the land.

Then when he comes, the sadly-smiling boy,
Whose torch inverted calleth thee away,
May thy joy only merge in greater joy,
As morning's moonlight fadeth into day.

On April the 25th I left Rome and journeyed by Civita Castellana to Terni, Assisi, Perugia, Arezzo, and so across the Chianti Hills to Florence, learning and enjoying much on the road, but nothing that I need note here.

In Florence I stayed till the night of the 7th of May, seeing the city and its immediate surroundings very well.

Here I received the following note from Madame

von Orlich, which I quote because the rose leaf alluded to was one of a number which Orlich had brought back from Subiaco at the desire of old Cardinal Piccolomini, who was fully persuaded that they were a sovereign remedy for affections of the throat!

"Le mando una foglia di Rosa Santa, e desidero di cuore che San Benedetto la difenda e liberi da tutti i serpenti e guai di questa vita mortale."

Crossing the Apennines to Bologna, I allowed my admiration for Rogers' poem on that city to tempt me to the Pellegrino, which had long ceased to be the best hotel, but where the people were very civil, and rewarded me by giving me Byron's room, where I fell asleep with these lines in my thoughts.

"'Twas night; the noise and bustle of the day
Were o'er. The mountebank no longer wrought
Miraculous cures—he and his stage were gone;
And he who, when the crisis of his tale
Came, and all stood breathless with hope and fear,
Sent round his cap; and he who thrummed his wire
And sang, with pleading look and plaintive strain,
Melting the passenger. Thy thousand cries,
So well pourtrayed and by a son of thine,
Whose voice had swelled the hubbub in his youth,

Were hushed, Bologna, silence in the streets,
The squares, when hark, the clattering of fleet hoofs ;
And soon a courier, posting as from far,
Housing and holster, boot and belted coat
And doublet, stained with many a various soil,
Stopt and alighted. 'Twas where hangs aloft
That ancient sign, the pilgrim, welcoming
All who arrive there, all perhaps save those
Clad like himself with staff and scallop-shell,
Those on a pilgrimage. And now approached
Wheels, thro' the lofty porticoes resounding,
Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
As the sky changes. To the gate they came.
And, ere the man had half his story done,
Mine host received the Master—one long used
To sojourn among strangers, everywhere
(Go where he would, along the wildest track)
Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
Who love the haunts of Genius ; one who saw,
Observed, nor shunned the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not, and mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate Spirit.

Much had passed
Since last we parted ; and those five short years—
Much had they told ! His clustering locks were turn'd
Grey ; nor did aught recall the Youth that swam
From Sestos to Abydos."

I saw all the principal objects of interest in Bologna —then a very different place from the busy city which I have since known—and did not forget Properzia Rossi's bust of Count Pepoli.

. . . "Worthless fame!
That in *his* bosom wins not for my name
The abiding place it asked! yet how my heart
In its own fairy world of song and art
Once beat for praise! are these high longings o'er?
That which I have been can I be no more?
Never! oh, never more! though still thy sky
Be blue as then, my glorious Italy!
And though the music, whose rich breathings fill
Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still;
And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams
Unchanged, on forms instinct with poet-dreams.
Never! oh, never more! Where'er I move,
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me and around! Too well *they* know
Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
When there the blight hath settled! But I go
Under the silent wings of peace to dwell;
From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
The inward burning of those words—'*In vain*,'
Seared on the heart—I go. 'Twill soon be past!
Sunshine and Song, and bright Italian heaven."

Mrs. Hemans.

From Bologna I went to Venice, seeing by the road both Ferrara and Padua. From Venice,—my stay in which I enjoyed more than any of the time I spent in Italy—I crossed to Trieste in company with a young Servian with whom I had become acquainted at Bologna, and the Vladika of Montenegro, to whom he introduced me,—the last bishop in Europe, I suppose, who wore pistols at his girdle. He was a man of extraordinary height and very handsome, but extremely delicate. Indeed when I saw him he had not many months to live, and with him the old quasi-theocratic government of his little territory came to an end. Its political position was amusingly, but quite accurately, described by one of the picturesque barbarians who attended him, and who said to me—shaking his fist—"Montenegro è piccolo, ma eccola Turchia, eccola Austria!"

I find in my diary some notes about Trieste not much to its advantage.

"Few people seem to have agreeable recollections of this city, and I do not wonder at it. To some, indeed, it is known as the portal by which they enter the East. To more it is that by which they leave it,

while to many it is only the point where they say farewell to Italy and the Mediterranean.

"This last was my case, and in the somewhat melancholy frame of mind which the circumstances were likely to induce, by no means cheered by the lowering aspect of the weather, I climbed the hill on which the Cathedral is situated.

"The building is one of little interest, but I turned, on coming out of it, to the South, and gradually the last few months rose up before me, while all things

> 'Orbed into the perfect Star
> We saw not, when we moved therein.'

"Sicily with her half-cultivated valleys, richer in their neglect than the well-cared-for gardens of other lands, Sicily, with that bluest sea rolling on her shores, as on the day when it was first whispered in Syracuse that the Armada of the Ancient World was steering thither. And Naples—not shrouded in the gloom of her history, nor such as a too close inspection shows her to be, but as she appears from the broad bosom of her bay, or the sides of her volcano. And Rome with her treasures of art and antiquity, the Gladiator and the Transfiguration, the Aqueducts and the Arches.

"Then there was that ravine by Civita Castellana, in all the glory of an Etrurian April, with the wild flowers of the South nestling in its moist hollows under the rich, clustering blossom of the Judas tree.

"But most perhaps did Venice haunt me, and I sailed again towards and under the Rialto, while palace after palace, as its name fell upon my ear, recalled some familiar story.

"Next I stood once more upon the Lido. The sun was down, and the lights on the Riva dei Schiavoni began to gleam across the Lagune. The gondolier stopped among the acacia trees, and pointed out the Jewish tombs. Some stood upright, some were broken, and the thick marsh grass and the nettles grew round them. Again I was gliding down the broad Canal of the Giudecca, and, turning to the right, passed between the city and Terra Firma, with Fusina faintly seen far to the left of us; steering on, with Murano in front, towards the Canareggio—leaving on the right the church of the Jesuits, where the last of the Doges has his epitaph 'Aeternitati suae Manini cineres.'

"Then I watched the crowds on the Place of St. Mark as the night came on, heard the sound of merry

voices, and saw the Byzantine pinnacles of the church standing out against the sky.

"I turned northwards and my dreams were rudely broken. Right before me rose up the rugged Julian Alps with the white limestone glaring along their ridges—very different from the olive-covered, purple-robed Apennines.

"People passed me in holiday dresses (it was Sunday), but the faces, which the white cloths drawn over them only half concealed, were the inexpressive faces of Sclavonian peasants.

"I was passing from regions where even the lower orders bear, with all their faults, the marks of high and hereditary civilisation, to regions which are not only not civilised now, but which, as far as our history extends, have never been so."

From Trieste I crossed the Karst to Laybach, saw the Cave of Adelsberg, and then travelled *via* Steinbrück to Agram, the capital of Croatia. From Agram I went to Szisek, at the junction of the Kulpa with the Save. The great Bosnian revolt was going on, the last struggle, I suppose of Mahometan feudalism—if one may use the expression—at least in the Western half of the Sultan's dominions; and they told me at

Szisek that they had repeatedly seen the sky red with the reflection of houses burning beyond the frontier of Turkish Croatia.

I sailed for two days down the Save to its junction with the Danube, touching only at places on the left bank—the quarantine being most strictly kept up against the southern side. The country, which is very flat, is overgrown by magnificent oak forests, and presents, in many places, the appearance of a beautiful English park. The villages are built chiefly of wood. All this region is part of the once famous Military frontier, and, when I passed along it, was still organised after the ancient fashion.

From Semlin I crossed to Belgrade,—not without infinite passport difficulties—and remained there five days.

Here are some notes of my visit.

"The Turkish Bazaar

"One street passed, one corner turned, and then farewell for a time to Christendom.

"Yes, there are the sons of the Prophet, smoking their long chibouques, or sleeping among their wares,

or addressing you in a language to which you can only make answer by smiles, or talking gravely in twos and threes, or lounging about listlessly. The shops are all open to the street, no windows, crafts but no 'mysteries' here; everything, from bread to pistol-making, is free to the inspection of the passer-by. The bread looked, however, by no means tempting, and the pistols were somewhere half-way between the first Pistoia, and the last English ones.

. . . . . .

"To look on a real minaret was no delight to be soon forgotten. The first I saw was at Berbir in Bosnia, from the river; it was made like every other building thereabouts of wood, but here they were different, and they glittered in the sun, and seemed to try by their cumulative brightness to surpass the effect of the costly gilding on the spire of the neighbouring Christian Church.

"One day I went into a Café in the Turkish town, and saw what I shall long remember. There were three musicians singing and accompanying themselves; two were ordinary enough, but the centre one—his face would have done for any Amurath of them all. I should very much like to have understood the words

they chanted in slow recitative, first one a verse or two, then another, sometimes comic I thought, from the archness of expression, but whatever they were, grave or gay, still the same merry refrain was strummed on the rude guitar. The look of that man made me think of what one has often heard of the way in which the Turks everywhere love to keep up appearances, but more especially did it bring to my mind the description I have frequently listened to, from one who was long in India, of the tenacity with which the Mahometans, fallen and poverty-stricken, still clung to the shadows of grandeur, amidst the moulder-ing palaces and neglected rose gardens of Cambay.

"Mr. Grenier de Fonblanque, who was then Consul-General, introduced me to the Pasha, son-in-law of a man whose name will live long in Eastern Europe—Hussein of Widdin. I met him first at dinner, then visited him in his own house, which stands in the midst of the fortress. . . .

"There were Anatolian soldiers on guard, the first Asiatic troops I had seen, and the ceremonies of reception, which it would be mere repetition to detail, were fresh to witness, and the view looking over to Semlin was a fine and suggestive one. All was

interesting—even the places to hold cut-off heads, in a passage under one of the inner defences. . . .

"The Servians, though they wear the fez and not the other more noble head-dress, are in all other respects about as picturesque as the Turks—they, too, squat cross-legged, and you see them sewing rich velvets embroidered with gold, and they have in their bazaar, just as the others, their jars of pipebowls and little mountains of tobacco, and you have to bargain with them by signs and shaking the head, and holding up such and such a number of fingers. And the Servian girl with her red, or red and black, cap, fastened turban-fashion by the braids of her long brown hair, and the ducats tied and twisted among its plaits, half a dowry of them sometimes round her neck too, with the bright colours of her dress and the tassel, blue or gold, falling with exquisite grace over her dark cheek—is she not more picturesque than the Turkish women with their long white veils? . . ."

From Belgrade I descended the river to Orsova, passing Semendria and the gorge of the Kuban—far the finest thing between Linz and the sea.

From Orsova I drove on the 1st of June, on a morning of never-to-be-forgotten beauty, to the Baths

of Mehadia, along the bright little river which comes sparkling down its green valley to meet the dark flow of the Danube.

Making my way slowly up the river, from this frontier-land of the Christian and the Turk, I reached Pesth, and recorded the effect made upon me by what I saw, in the following passage, which I quoted many years afterwards in an address at Peterhead, republished in my *Elgin Speeches*.

Four Years ago

"I stood again upon the heights of Buda, and saw the swift river roll southward at their base. I looked again upon that broad expanse of white houses from which it separated me, and the plain stretching league upon league beyond them.

"So much was the same, and so much changed. The war-worn fortress within whose walls I was, bearing already in 1847 the scars and the laurels of twenty sieges, had added another volume to its history, and could tell another tale for Hungary and itself, of days not less exciting than those of Eugene or Montecuculi.

"So much was the same, and so much changed. I leant over the parapet and saw the little vineyard below it altogether unaltered, the very draw-well, whose peculiar apparatus I had remarked, seemed just as I left it,—but I had been taking a walk round the places I visited that bright July morning, and what a difference! From the Blocksberg, which I had climbed for the sake of the view, known then only for its observatory, the Hungarian cannon had played with terrible effect on the Palace of the Palatine. Behind the gentle rising grounds, which bound the quiet valley I had passed along the side of—pleased with the smiling aspect of everything — their long lines had been sheltered from the fire of the Imperialists. On the slopes of the Schwabenberg, whose peaceful breadths of green had been so refreshing to the eye, that day, when it turned from the glare of the walk on the ramparts, Georgey had had his headquarters, and another powerful battery had been placed. The barracks, where I well remember having stood, and pitied, from my position in the shade, the soldiers who were going through their drill in the sun, still retained the marks of balls, and just to the right of them the Italians had wavered, and the Honveds broken in. In the narrow

street the stubborn valour, or the desperation, of the Croats had forced them back again—back—but only for a time, and still farther along it, almost at the other side, when all was lost, Hentzi had fallen, sabre in hand, giving no quarter and asking for none, in the land, worthy of the land, of Jurissowitz and Zriny.

"So much was the same, and so much changed. The same sun was ripening the grapes in the vineyards, and glancing on the waters, but he had looked on a vintage of blood since then, and seen over all the land the waters of civil strife, more terrible far than these in the spring-time terror of their flooding."

From Pesth I went to Vienna and Baden, whence, crossing the Semmering by carriage—for the railway was not yet finished—I reached Bruck on the Mur, made memorable to me by the beauty of a rainbow and a sunset. Thence I crossed the country to Ischl and St. Wolfgang.

An excessively toilsome journey, by diligence, from Linz through Budweis, Pilsen, and Marienbad, to Carlsbad, was a tribute paid to a schoolboy interest in the details of the Thirty Years' War.

At Carlsbad I stayed for some weeks, and made the acquaintance of several interesting people, among

them of Geibel, who wrote the following very accurate description of his own work, in the flyleaf of my copy of his Spanish Ballads, which I have since had bound by Holloway, *in perpetuam rei memoriam.*

"Nimm, als treue Kupferstiche
Nach Gemälden, diese Lieder.
Mit gewissenhaftem Striche
Geben sie die Zeichnung wieder,
Aber der Farben brennendes Leben
Lässt sich eben nicht wiedergeben."

It was at this time I wrote what follows:

"Whither is it going, this great Empire? I do not speak of its position with reference to other States, strange and varied as are its attitudes, while it bows humbly to Russia, looks hungrily at Turkey and the Temporal Possessions of the Pope, storms, as impotently as unjustly, at us, and turns in utter perplexity from Prussia to France, and from France to Prussia, hesitating whether to fight or flatter.

"Whither is it going? obliged to incur vast expenses, yet tottering on the verge of another bankruptcy, living nominally by virtue of its power to keep together, constrained to live rather with 'divide et impera' than 'viribus unitis' for its motto.

"I cannot fancy any more glorious work for mortal at this moment, than to seize with a firm hand the rudder of Austria's fortunes, and guide it safely into port.

"The task would be no light one. What is he to make of its opposing nationalities? Those who, speaking the tongue of Luther and of Schiller, think themselves entitled in right of their civilisation to rule over all, those whose language as well as their religion inclines them to look for a friend and protector, if not a Sovereign, to the Eastward, those who seem to be, as you pass among them, the Dacian Captives of the Italian Galleries come to life, and whose speech, if you are not prepared for it, startles you by its resemblance to the Latin. Hardest labour of all, what is he to do with that noble people known as yet to Europe only by their sufferings, whose improvement, and development, and promotion to their proper place among the nations, would be worthy itself of no common ruler?

"What is he to do with its opposing factions and interests? those who cross themselves to the left, and those who cross themselves to the right, and those who cross themselves not at all, those who think the

only proper government for the Austria of 1851 to be the democracy of America, if not something further still; those, the fanatics of slavery, who out-Metternich Metternich, who say 'Schwarzenberg chastised you with whips, but we will chastise you with scorpions,' those who would have the Empire nearly purely agricultural, those who would have it principally manufacturing?

"How is he to throw over the old *laisser aller* system without taking up something worse, to rule by management but with vigour, to keep the army in the meantime in hand, without making it, as they *are* making it, a gigantic Praetorian Guard?

"All these problems, and many more, he would have to solve, many of which are already clamorously asking for a solution; more still which would arise in the process of solving."

. . . . . .

From Carlsbad I went to Dresden, where I remained till nearly the end of August, seeing the great eclipse of the 28th of July from Moreau's monument, reading a great deal of German, and paying several visits to Retszch at his little garden house in Weintraube. On one of these occasions

he was showing his wife's album, full of drawings in his characteristic manner. Pointing to one of these, he said to my sister, who was with me, "Das ist Christus—Sie haben wohl von Christus gehört!"

Both at Carlsbad and at Dresden we saw something of old Prince Paul Esterhazy. It was at Dresden one evening that, in answer to the question whether he had ever seen Napoleon, he said—"Yes, twice, and twice only. The first time I saw him was at Moritzburg, when he was at the very height of his glory, on his way to Russia, with Kings waiting in his antechamber. The next year I saw him pass through Dresden in a sledge with one attendant."

From Dresden I went to Hanover, where I stayed some days with Sir Hugh Halkett, who then commanded the Hanoverian army, and who was made famous in the old war by carrying off Cambronne from under the muskets of his own troops—a story which I remember hearing told at Eden, as a child, in Sir Hugh Halkett's presence.

From Hanover I went to England, stopping by the way at Gräfrath near Elberfeld, to consult the

then famous oculist De Leew about my eyes, which continued to give me infinite annoyance.[1]

September

5. Settled in London to read law, and remained there almost continuously to March 30, 1852. During this interval I made the acquaintance, amongst others, of Mr. Peacock who wrote *Headlong Hall*, of John Stuart Mill, and of Clough, heard Robertson preach at Brighton, attended the Court of Proprietors as a member, and made my first visit to Cambridge.

[1] The complaint from which I suffered, and which took a serious turn when I was nineteen, obliging me to do much of my work, even at Oxford, by the help of the eyes of others, was not then understood. It is now familiar to all oculists and quite easily treated, when attended to early; but I never knew, until Liebreich explained it to me in 1873, the real cause of the mischief which, long ere that date, had become irreparable. The healing art does progress, let gainsayers criticise as they will.

1852

Spent April and part of May at Eden, returning to London for about three months to read law. This summer I saw a good deal of Colonel Outram, heard with him several Indian discussions in the House of Commons, and was present with him and Mr. Willoughby, when Lord Hardinge gave his evidence before the Committee then sitting on Indian affairs.

July

10 to 12. At Hookwood with Mountstuart Elphinstone, who was living there in great retirement. I have unfortunately very brief notes of our conversations, in which Sir Charles Adam made the third. We talked of Epitaphs, and Mr. Elphinstone spoke with extreme admiration of Trivulzio's.

"Johannes Trivulzius qui nunquam quievit, hic quiescit—tace."

Amongst others which he cited was an old Scotch one.

"Ill to his freen, waur to his foe,
True to his Macker[1] in weel and in woe."

We talked about conversation. He put Luttrell's above that of all whom he had known. Talleyrand's was very rich in anecdote, but by no means witty. Of Sydney Smith he spoke with very great regard, treating his wit as merely the flower of his wisdom. He talked much about India, much about the old Whig set in Edinburgh, and much about his travels in Greece, Italy, Hungary, and elsewhere. To his eye, coming from the East, Croatia had appeared a very civilised region.

August and September

7. Leave London, and by Havre (where I had an interesting conversation with Dr. Miley, who was with O'Connell when he died) to Paris. In memory of Lever's *Horace Templeton*—a book which contains a few very remarkable pages—I went to stay at the Hotel des Princes.

[1] Macker means feudal lord.

13. Climbed the spire of Strasbourg to look over the scenes described in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*.

16. Joined Henry Smith in the Oberland, and see with him the Wengern Alp, the Grimsel, and much else.

Walking down the Haslithal in a tremendous downpour, I repeated to him the motto of the Earls Marischal, given by them to Marischal College,

> "They say.
> Quhat say they?
> Lat them say,"

which had been quoted to me by Mr. Elphinstone, and with which circumstances in after years were to make me very familiar.[1] "Ah!" said he, "I see what that means. It is the account of a young man's life at the University. In his first year he believes all that his Professors tell him. His answer to all objections is—*They say*. In his second year doubts begin to arise. He asks—*What say they?* In his third year he has lost all confidence, and says—*Let them talk as they will*."

We met at Interlaken a very pleasant person—the

[1] As M.P. for Peterhead, and Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen.

Countess Zawicza. Her husband was of Bohemian descent, but his ancestor, having been despatched from Prague in his character of "Vir pietate gravis" to go and see for himself that the Grand Duke of Lithuania was not a bear—a fact of which the populace had become so persuaded that they utterly refused to allow a daughter of the Royal House to leave the city to marry him—found Lithuania so agreeable that he settled there.

From Interlaken Henry Smith and I journeyed by Fribourg to Lausanne, and thence, after crossing the great St. Bernard, by Vercelli, Novara, and Magenta, to Milan.

I find a note in my diary under August 29th. Inn of *Macenta*. So unfamiliar was then the name which has since become so famous!

My winter and spring experience of Italy had by no means prepared me for the autumn aspect of this rich and rejoicing Lombardy, into which we penetrated as far as the Certosa of Pavia, returning to the north by Como and Lugano.

As we were walking up the Val Anzasca, on our way to the Monte Moro, we met two acquaintances of Smith's. They said to us, "If you have any idea

of crossing the Weissthor, you had better take our guides, and give us yours; for these two men (to the best of my recollection they were both Taugwalds, but not brothers) are the only two who are to be depended on." The idea of crossing the Weissthor had never entered our minds, for we were quite out of training, and it passed in those days for the most difficult glacier pass in all Switzerland. I believe indeed that from 1829 to 1849, or thereabouts, no one crossed it.

However, the change of guides was no inconvenience to us, and was a convenience to the men, so we agreed to it, and went on. In the course of the day, the ambition of crossing the Weissthor gained upon us, and by the time we got to Macugnaga, we had determined to cross it.

I shall never forget the impression produced on my mind by the scene which presented itself, when we met together, coming each from the little châlet where we had spent the night. It was about three in the morning, the air was perfectly still, the starlight magnificent, and we stood just at the foot of the Monte Rosa glacier,—eight thousand feet of silver-shining snow. We started about four in the morning,

and met only one person—a peasant woman—who, as we passed, said—"Leben sie wohl. Haben sie Sorge auf ihren Leben!"

Luckily for us the weather was perfect, and in eight hours we were at the top, reaching Zermatt, for the Hotel on the Riffel was still a thing of the future, after dark. It was with reference to this walk that I some years afterwards wrote the following:—

"Who can forget the start before the little hamlet is awake—the stars fading out one by one over Italy—the mighty peaks flushing in the growing day—then the blaze of sunlight as we emerge from the valley shadows, and as the sound of the Alp horn comes up along the pastures to tell us that the world below is rising to its labour? Ere long we reach the snow-line, and see perhaps the chamois, which loves the debatable land between frost and flowers, playing above us till our constant advance makes it fear that harm is intended. Who can forget the hours of struggle over rock and snow-slope—hurrying here lest the avalanches should overwhelm us, there lying down exhausted, and careless, for the time, of avalanches and everything else? At last comes the joy of setting foot upon the topmost ridge, and looking down on

another and different world. Then the dangers of the precipice are exchanged for those of the glacier, and we descend slowly and tied together. The mountains, as we sink lower and lower, seem to grow in height, and as the day declines we see the clouds 'laying themselves down to sleep on their vast ledges.' At length the darkness begins to fall around, and it is night before we see the lights in the village to which we are bound twinkling far down through the valley mist."

From Zermatt we journeyed to Leuk, and crossed the Gemmi to Interlaken, whence I returned through the Münsterthal to Basle, and so by Heidelberg and the Rhine to Amsterdam, the Hague, and Eden, finding as I came up the Thames the flags hoisted half-mast high, on account of the death of the Duke of Wellington.

"He sleeps at last—no wind's tempestuous breath
Played a Dead March upon the moaning billow,
What time God's Angel visited with death
The old Field-Marshal's pillow.

There was no omen of a great disaster
Where castled Walmer stands beside the shore;
The evening clouds, like pillar'd alabaster,
Hung huge and silent o'er.

The moon in brightness walk'd the 'fleecy rack,'
Walk'd up and down among the starry fires,
Heaven's great Cathedral was not hung with black
Up to its topmost spires!

But mine own Isis kept a solemn chiming,
A silver Requiescat all night long,
And mine old trees, with all their leaves, were timing
The sorrow of the song.

And through mine angel-haunted aisles of beauty
From grand old organs gush'd a music dim,
Lauds for a champion who had done his duty—
I knew they were for *him*."

Alexander, of Exeter College, Oxford,
afterwards Bp. of Derry, and now Archbishop of Armagh.

October

5. Went over to see Auchleuchries, an estate near Ellon, in Aberdeenshire, which my father had just purchased. The hideous old house was still standing, which, when I came to manage the property, I in vain attempted to preserve, as having been the birthplace of the famous General of Peter the Great.

Returned to London and continued my law reading,

attending the lectures, which were established about this time, at the Inns of Court.

November

10. Heard Kossuth and Mazzini speak at a Public Meeting. The former showed very considerable oratorical power, although he was but imperfectly acquainted with our language.

18. At the Duke of Wellington's funeral in St. Paul's. As the riderless horse, with the boots slung across it, was being led down St. James's Street, Mr. Brookfield's little daughter said, "Mamma, when we die, shall we also be turned into boots?"

23. To hear the debate on Villiers's motion, pledging the House to Free Trade.

1853

Down to Oxford, to keep my Master's term, remaining there about three weeks, and living chiefly with Henry Smith, Oxenham, Pearson, Charles Parker, Conington, Grant, Goldwin Smith, Riddell, and Patteson.

February

10. Dined with Maskelyne, to meet Max Müller and Congreve.

24. Union debate on Gladstone. I spoke there for the first and last time on domestic[1] Politics. A very sharp discussion, in which I fiercely attacked the Derby Ministry, ended in a great scene and a sudden adjournment.

26 to March 4. At Newnham Paddox, a large and

[1] I spoke for the first time in February 1848 in favour of Diplomatic relations with Rome, and took some part in debate on Foreign Questions in the next two years.

very pleasant party, amongst others Kingsley, whom I met for the first time. He talked, I recollect, much about Carlyle, and told me, on the great man's own authority, the following edifying tale. The most dyspeptic of philosophers had been terribly bored by the persistent optimism of his friend Emerson. "I thought," he said, "that I would try to cure him, so I took him to some of the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done, I turned to him saying, 'And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' 'Oh no,' he replied; 'all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily!'

"Then," continued the sage, "I took him doun to the Hoose o' Commons, where they put us under the Gallery. There I showed him 'ae chiel getting up after anither and leeing and leeing.' Then I turned to him and said, 'And noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' He made me, however, just the same answer as before, and I then gave him up in despair!"

March

10. Breakfasted with F. D. Maurice, to whom I

had been introduced by Kingsley, and of whom and his friends I saw a good deal in the next year or two.

13. Heard Robertson preach at Brighton, and was a good deal interested by him, as I had been in the year 1851. He was certainly a remarkable man, although his merits have, since his death, been somewhat exaggerated.

April

1. Talked at the India House with Mr. Peacock about Taylor the Platonist. I think my good old friend, if he had worshipped anything, would have been inclined to worship Jupiter, as it was said that Taylor did. I saw a good deal of Mr. Peacock about this time, and enjoyed his society extremely. He was utterly unlike anybody I have ever seen before or since, and is best represented, to those who never knew him, by *Gryll Grange*—surely one of the brightest, as well as the most fantastic, books that has appeared in our time.

May

2. Lectured on William the Silent, my lecture forming one of a series which was delivered at this time in connection with Maurice and his friends.

Henry Smith's, I recollect, was on Pascal, and there was one on Falkland by Charles Parker, later M.P. for Perth.

The following passage from my lecture reflects very well the state of political discouragement into which the success of the reaction on the Continent had thrown many persons about this time. It was this discouragement which made many of us hail with delight the commencement of the misunderstanding between England and Russia. Comparatively few English politicians now living remember how completely the influence of Nicholas overshadowed Europe, at this period, and prevented even the simplest and most necessary reforms.

"Yet a little while, and mortally wounded on the field of Zutphen, but lingering painfully for sixteen days, Philip Sidney crossed at last his hands upon his breast, and died a martyr to the same good cause. Yet a generation and Gustavus the Swede fell spent and bleeding from his white[1] horse, by the great stone on the plain of Lützen—yet a few years more and Hampden turned his rein and rode slowly away from

[1] I forget my authority for the colour; but the horse of which I saw the skin at Stockholm in 1873 was not white.

that sad field of Chalgrove; and so one might go on numbering this great company down to our own time; but I know not where we should find any one who combined in himself more of the qualities necessary to a champion of the right, among bad men, in a bad age.

"Nations have wept for more successful generals, for popular leaders more enthusiastically loved—seldom, very seldom, for a politician so far-sighted, so clear-sighted, or so wise. The eventful years which followed 1848 brought before the eyes of the world many remarkable men, and some, whom, if we saw them through the distance of history, we should scarcely, I think, refuse to call great—but while I have no difficulty in pointing to a Granvella or a Margaret of Parma, a Horn or a Brederode, I find, alas! no William of Orange. Till some such arise, able not only to excite but to guide a Revolution, we cannot do better, I fear, for all the pleasure we are likely to find in looking at it, than to take the advice of an English statesman in the last age, and shut up the map of Europe."

I may preserve also the following fragment of the same lecture, describing the march of Alva.

"He sailed from Carthagena. He landed at Genoa.

He marshalled his army in Northern Italy. It numbered little more than 10,000 in all, but those 10,000 were the flower of the Spanish soldiery. All the Provinces which lie along or near the Mediterranean Sea had contributed to them. There are good points in the Spanish, in the Neapolitan, in the Sicilian character — but these Spaniards, these Neapolitans, these Sicilians, had lost in camps all their virtues— save courage only — and retained and increased all their national vices.

"The advance began—a very remarkable one, to be remembered with the retreat of those other 10,000 of which we read in Grecian history. Over the Alps of Savoy—through difficult mountain passes—along rapid rivers, across bare and exposed mountain sides—for fourteen days they marched by roads where every day a few hundred men might have stopped their passage. On the left were the French armies of observation— very doubtful friends,—on the right were the Swiss— bitter enemies,—yet the terror of the Spanish name made those merely act on the defensive, who might, by assuming a hostile attitude, have struck a deadly blow at Philip, and saved so much blood to Flanders. But it was not so to be. No assailant harmed them.

No avalanche crushed them. No external cause, as no internal one, broke their serried ranks, or disturbed their grim order. At length, on the 22nd August 1567, three months and a half after his departure from Carthagena, the Duke of Alva, escorted by many of the Flemish nobles,—Egmont among others, whose ambiguous reception would have warned a wiser man,—entered the gates of ill-fated Brussels."

June

3. To-day, or about this time, I took my Scotch neighbour, Pollard Urquhart, of Craigston, to see John Stuart Mill. While we were sitting with him, Frederick Lucas, who from having been a Quaker had become a very bigoted Catholic, but who was a man of remarkable talent, came in.

I sat long, in after days, in the House of Commons with Pollard Urquhart, and continued to think him, as I did in 1853, a man of very considerable merit. His utter want of power of expression, either by speech or in writing, and his peculiarities of manner neutralised his great knowledge, excellent character, social position, and very high cultivation. Having almost all the qualities and attainments which most of his

countrymen who enter Parliament have not, he had hardly any of those which they have, and was accordingly wholly unavailable for official purposes. Very few of his colleagues, except myself, had, I suspect, any idea that, when at a comparatively early age he passed away, we had lost a man who certainly stood well within the first hundred of the House, in intellectual calibre and accomplishments. His *Dialogues on Taxation* was, I think, the best of his books.

7. The result of a Law Examination, which I underwent on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of last month, at the Inns of Court, is announced. I have the Studentship of fifty guineas per annum, for three years, given by the United Inns of Court. The examiners were Maine in Civil Law, John George Phillimore in Constitutional Law and English History, Broome, who wrote *Legal Maxims*, in Common Law, Mr. Birkbeck, a son of Dr. Birkbeck, whose name is connected with the foundation of the Mechanics' Institutes, in Equity, and one of the Walpoles in Real Property Law.

July and August

3. Spent a couple of very pleasant days with

Kingsley at Eversley, his Rectory in Hampshire, getting through much talk, and walking over to Bramshill.

29 to August 6. Made a very short journey on the Continent, seeing amongst other places the Field of Waterloo, Namur, Dinant on the Meuse, and St. Omer.

September

Occupied myself at Eden this autumn chiefly with geologising, examining the Banffshire coast pretty carefully.

October

17. Passing south through Edinburgh, I went to see Hugh Miller, and spent an hour and a half with him in his Geological Museum. He was a strange, rough-looking man, with the colouring of his own old red sandstone. We talked almost exclusively about his favourite science, the only political matter to which he alluded being the probable future, as a public man, of the Duke of Argyll, with regard to which he had very sanguine expectations, which have not been disappointed.

November

10. Mr. Peacock talked to me to-day at much length about Jeremy Bentham, with whom he had been extremely intimate—dining with him *tête à tête*, once a week for years together. He mentioned, amongst other things, that when experiments were being made with Mr. Bentham's body after his death, Mr. James Mill had one day come into his (Mr. Peacock's) room at the India House and told him that there had exuded from Mr. Bentham's head a kind of oil, which was almost unfreezable, and which he conceived might be used for the oiling of chronometers which were going into high latitudes. "The less you say about that, Mill," said Peacock, "the better it will be for *you;* because if the fact once becomes known, just as we see now in the newspapers advertisements to the effect that a fine bear is to be killed for his grease, we shall be having advertisements to the effect that a fine philosopher is to be killed for his oil."

December

15. Dined with Robert Ward, an Oxford con-

temporary, at a boarding house in Harley Street, to meet Louis Blanc, who was living in England as a refugee. He looked as the first Napoleon might have done if seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass.

16. At Newnham Paddox, to meet Mr. Babbage, of calculating-machine celebrity, who appeared to me one of the most remarkable intelligences I have ever come across, though he wasted his powers on all kinds of ingenious frivolities. I think his hobby, at this period, was reading ciphers, and he afterwards spent endless time in making a cipher dictionary.

1854

February

It was in the course of this month that a great sensation was produced by the appearance, in a morning paper, of Mr. Franklin Lushington's very remarkable poem, "The Muster of the Guards."[1]

"Lying here awake, I hear the watchman's warning—
'Past four o'clock'—on this February morning;
Hark! what is that?—there swells a joyous shiver,
Borne down the wind o'er the voices of the river;
O'er the lordly waters flowing, 'tis the martial trumpets blowing,
'Tis the Grenadier Guards a-going—Marching to the War.

Yes—there they go, through the February morning,
To where the engine whistles its shrill and solemn warning;

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[1] Reprinted in *La Nation Boutiquière, and other Poems*—a too little known but most brilliant book.

And the dull hoarse roar of the multitude that cheer
Falls ever and anon with a faint crash on the ear ;
'Mid the tears of wives and mothers, and the prayers of many others,
And the cheers of their brothers, they are marching to the War.

Bridge of Waterloo ! let the span of each proud arch
Spring to the feet of the soldiers as they march ;
For the last time they went forth, your glorious name was born
Where the bullets rained like hail among the summer corn :
Ah ! we'll not forget too soon the great eighteenth of June,
While the British Grenadiers' tune strikes up gaily for the War.

Bridge of Waterloo ! accept the happy omen,
For the staunchest friends are wrought out of the bravest foemen :
Guards of Waterloo ! the troops whose brunt you bore
Shall stand at your right hand upon the Danube's shore ;
And Trafalgar's flags shall ride on the tall masts, side by side,
O'er the Black Sea and the Baltic, to sweep the waves of War."

Mr. Franklin Lushington, whom I did not know

till later, was very intimate with Maine, and others with whom I lived much at this period.

All the spring I was working a good deal at chemistry.

March

27. The first leader in the *Times* of this morning announces the return of the English messenger from St. Petersburg. I went in the evening to a lecture by A. P. Stanley, in some remote part of Pimlico, upon the French Revolution, in which he used the, to me, very memorable words—"the great peace of forty years which has this night come to an end." As I walked away I passed up St. James's Street, which by an odd coincidence was partially illuminated, some royal birthday having induced several of the tradesmen to light up their shops.

April

8. Sailed from the Thames for Hamburg, and was a good deal amused by the *mal à propos* name of a tug —"The Friend to all Nations"—which was dragging a horse transport down the river.

From Hamburg I went to Berlin to stay with

Major von Orlich, and spent there some very well filled up weeks. Amongst other things I re-saw most of the sights of the place, heard the Dom Chor on Maundy Thursday at the Cathedral, and the Tod Jesu on Good Friday at the Sing Academie, and went through a course of Privatissima on the Prussian Law given by one Dr. Schmidt, a very intelligent man, belonging, however, to the Kreuz Zeitung party, and living in such constant apprehension, that he was bringing up his children to speak English, in order that they might emigrate. The way he read the future was, that revolutionary agitations of a very formidable kind would be renewed in Prussia, that the cohesion of the body politic would be destroyed, and that Russia would enter in and possess the land. No one who was not in Germany at the commencement of the Crimean War can quite realise what the *Spectre Russe* then was.

15. Had a long conversation with Waagen. I asked him about Turner, whom he admired very much in his earlier stage, but not in his later. He said that Rubens was a man of undoubted genius, but that he had done probably more harm than good. He considered Tintoret the last of the golden—the

first of the silver age; and added that his portraits were equal to those of Titian and Giorgione; but that when he tried to combine the excellences of Michael Angelo with those of Titian he failed quite. Speaking of Picture Galleries, he said that they were a *necessary* evil, but that the Tribune arrangement, which you have in the Uffizi, is an *unnecessary* evil.

Went this evening with Major von Orlich to the Friedhof, near the Invalides. A lion marks the spot where Scharnhorst, mortally wounded at Gross Görschen in 1813, is buried.

16. Heard Nitzsch preach, the leading idea of his sermon being that, through the *Verwirrung* of the time, this Easter Day should make us feel that an unseen hand is guiding all.

To-day, amongst other people, a young nephew of Major von Orlich's, a captain in the 2nd Regiment of Guards, dined with him—Hans von Schachtmeyer. He was evidently devoted to his profession in all its details, and as different as possible from any English officer I had ever come across. His range of observation and knowledge had been narrow, but his views were extremely liberal, considering the atmosphere in which he lived. He was, for example, strongly in

favour of the Allies as against Russia. I talked to him with the greatest interest, although I little knew that he was fated to command 50,000 men on the field of Sedan. He spoke to me a great deal about the needle-gun, to the existence of which people in England suddenly awoke some twelve years after this period, but of which, if I remember right, Hastings Russell, later the Duke of Bedford, had brought a specimen to London, as far back as 1848 or 1849.

17. To hear Hengstenberg preach, in the Cathedral, a sermon on the walk to Emmaus—good in manner, but very poor in matter. Later in the day I was taken to call on the great geographer Carl Ritter.

We found the old man (then seventy-five) in his library, wearing a dark drab dressing-gown, unbuttoned at the neck, and large spectacles. He was tall and very powerfully built, with a massive noble head. In his room were hanging engravings of William von Humboldt and Columbus. He talked, amongst other things, of Huc and Gabet's book, which he praised, making allowances "for the narrow-mindedness of Mönche," and of a Treaty which the Russians had recently concluded with the Chinese about the navigation of the Amoor.

From Carl Ritter's, Major von Orlich took me to call on Professor Dové, who occupies a large suite of rooms in the Kriegsschule, looking on the old part of the Schloss. He talked much of Babbage, Mrs. Sabine, and other English people, and said that the greatest of Sir Humphry Davy's discoveries was Faraday.

19. Waagen took me over the Royal Gallery, where, amongst other things, he went through very carefully with me the Berlin portion of the Worship of the Spotless Lamb. I remember he mentioned that the gold colour used by the Van Eycks was lost, and spoke much of a master who had greatly influenced Raphael, but whose name, Alunno,[1] was quite new to me. He told me that you find his works in Foligno and its neighbourhood.

Later in the day, Orlich took me to Humboldt, who spoke much of the *Materia Indica*, and of his old friend, Sir Whitelaw Ainslie, my maternal grandfather. The conversation turned on Whewell's *Plurality of Worlds*, which he held very cheap, laughing at the idea that all the stars were made for our amusement, and putting the argument thus: — "The stars are assuredly uninhabited by intellectual beings,

[1] Niccolo da Foligno or Fuligno, 1430-1500.

because if intellectual they must be *sündlich*, and the *Erlösung* so often repeated would be *unbequem*." He spoke very highly of Max Müller, and said it was an honour to England that she afforded a career to such men. Amongst the engravings in his room was one of the San Sisto, and Hooker's *Himalayan Journals* were lying on the table.

After dinner we went to a party at Ranke's. Madame Ranke told me that she had often met Blanco White at Mrs. Hemans's, and remarked on the contrast between his complaining unhappy nature and that of Whately. Soon Ranke himself came in—short, with wide forehead, sputtering rapid enunciation, running up into a very high key, and a quick convulsive manner. Amongst others to whom I was introduced to-night were Pertz, the biographer of Stein, and Lepsius.

20. Introduced to-day to Rauch in his studio. The great sculptor was himself splendidly handsome, with a grand forehead and snowy white hair. His sympathies, like those of Dové and Humboldt, but unlike those of Ranke, were obviously on the side of the Western Powers.

Dined with Orlich, meeting Auerswald the ex-

Minister, Dové, Ranke, and Count Putbus, "L'accompagnateur par excellence,"[1] who was destined many years after this to attain and retain an amiable celebrity through one of the most charming books of our own, or of any, generation. Auerswald talked much of Philip Pusey, and his brother the theologian whom he had met with him, and who he said was "*eigentlich nicht so schlimm als sie vielleicht denken*," and with whom he had found Göttingen a common topic. He spoke also of the Emperor Nicholas in a very just and reasonable way—as not a man of talent beyond a point, with *Kleinigkeiten* about him—certain principles he has grown into—legitimacy, etc., which are to him his pole-star and his strength—no fanatic in religion, if for anything, then for his Guard, and good-natured, would rather do a kind thing than not.

Of Metternich he said—"Ah! that's a *gescheidter Kopf*, but he has mistaken his times."

We drank the health of Napier and the Baltic Fleet—even Ranke being forced to do so, but not Count Putbus. I did not say then, as I think one may fairly say now that I know more of his history—"small blame to him."

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.

After dinner I had a long and somewhat lively conversation with Ranke. He said that Germany had nothing to fear from Russia—more from England; and that if we succeeded, all we should do would be to destroy an infant civilisation. "Ah! we love you," he said, "and feel with you far more than with Russia, but we cannot agree in all things. There are some differences between our interests."

Later he added: "To me the chief interest of England is, that she is *Old* England."

21. Again to the gallery with Waagen, who talked much of his uncle Tieck. Dined with Orlich, and drove to Treptow, rowing to the island Friedhof, and gathering violets. Hans von Schachtmeyer was with us.

Orlich was at this period very intimate with the Prince of Prussia,[1] who, thanks to the ascendency of the Pietist party at Court, had been forced into the position of the head of the Liberal party in Prussia.

He told Orlich that the last time the Emperor Nicholas was in Berlin, he had said to him, "You are a Liberal; your ideas will ruin the Monarchy."

The Prince replied: "Do you really think that

[1] Later the Emperor William.

you by your exclusive system have kept these ideas out of Russia?"

Nicholas: "Not to the extent I would wish; yet to a certain extent. But that is not now the question. I speak of you."

The Czar kept coming back and back to the subject, and the Prince got very angry, saying at last: "We will talk no more of that That is another affair altogether."

Shortly after the conversation, the Prince went out; and, meeting one of the Emperor's confidants, told him what had passed, and said, "Tell me now as a man of honour—Do you think he has succeeded?"

"So far from that being the case," replied the person addressed, "I don't think my life, or the life of any one of his intimates, is worth ten days' purchase after he closes his eyes. I do not see the future. God knows what may happen; but it looks very black ahead."

22. With Orlich to the Military Friedhof, where there are several remarkable epitaphs. Amongst them, over the door of a tomb:—

"Hier erlischt die alte Linie des Hauses Arnim-Frederwalde."

23. Orlich described to-day, very vividly, the intense dreariness of his existence when he was stationed for six weeks measuring a base on the bank between the Baltic and the Curisch Haaf—the moaning of the wind along the sand, the white bleached bones on the shore, and the forest cut down to expel the robbers.

26. To the Second Chamber, where heard Vincke —then the most prominent Liberal ; Otto von Gerlach, the leader of the Kreuz Zeitung party ; the Catholic Reichensperger ; and Count Schwerin. I saw also Manteuffel, the evil genius of the hour.

27. Again to-day at the Second Chamber, but little of interest. Met at dinner Rauch and the Dohna Lauchs, well-known Kreuz Zeitung people, from, as she well said, "the end of civilisation"—the uttermost parts of East Prussia.

After spending a week at Dresden, and seeing the great Oster Messe at Leipsic, I went to Halle, where I had a walk with Tholuck, whose real *esprit* and brilliancy contrasted strangely with the extreme untidiness and grotesqueness of his appearance.

I returned to London on the 13th of May, and passed the summer there, engaged chiefly in reading

for the LL.B. degree of the University of London, which I took with honours, running second to Fitzjames Stephen, later Mr. Justice Stephen, for the Scholarship. I also spent a week in Edinburgh upon business, and took the opportunity of seeing Roslin and Hawthornden.

August

8 to 18. After a day or two at Newnham Paddox, I made a short tour in the Midland Counties, visiting Naseby, seeing Chantrey's Sleeping Children at Lichfield, staying a day or two with George Boyle[1] at Kidderminster, and passing by the quiet, essentially English, Stratford-on-Avon to Edgehill and Oxford. By the 23rd I was at Eden, and on the 24th I took my first botanical walk with Bremner, who, although no great authority on plants, yet knew enough about them to be of much use to one who knew nothing.

Bremner, of whom I used always to see a great deal when I was at Eden at this time, was a rather remarkable man. Born in very humble circumstances,

[1] Now Dean of Salisbury, and author of a most delightful volume of Recollections. London, 1895.

he had studied at Aberdeen, and went early to Paris, where he was present on the Champ de Mars when the cry "*à bas Villèle*" was first raised. He then became a travelling tutor, and wandered about in many lands, publishing two volumes of travels in Russia, and two more of travels in Norway and Sweden.

After the Disruption he became minister of Banff, and lived there, chiefly in the Castle—where I often occupied an upper room, with a grand view over the wild Northern Sea—till he died in 1872.

October

11. Read the account of the Battle of the Alma in the *Times*. I spent the forenoon shooting over the high ground by the Craigs of Eden, which seemed to me to have an odd resemblance to some of the country described.

November

5. Walked, on a glorious autumn day, made famous by the Battle of Inkerman, with Fitzjames Stephen, from his father's house in Westbourne Terrace to Barnes Common, from Barnes Common to Wimble-

don, from Wimbledon to Coombe Wood, and so by Epsom Downs and Walton Heath to Reigate.

17. Called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, taking precedence of all called the same day, in right of my studentship.

1855

February

25. Walked with my Balliol friend, F. W. Farrer, to Highgate, where he pointed out to me the house in which Coleridge lived with the Gillmans, now belonging apparently to two surgeons. The names on the door are Brendon and Lane.

March

28. Have, during the last few months, been much connected with F. D. Maurice, T. Hughes, and others, who have set on foot an Educational Institution, to which they have given the name of "The Working Men's College." It has been established in a house in Red Lion Square, No. 31, and I gave to-night my first lecture or lesson there, upon Physical Geography.

April

5 to 9. Made a rapid geological excursion to the Isle of Wight.

22. Went, as usual about this time, to hear F. D. Maurice preach at Lincoln's Inn. I suppose I must have heard him, first and last, some thirty or forty times, and never carried away one clear idea, or even the impression that he had more than the faintest conception of what he himself meant.

Aubrey de Vere was quite right when he said, that listening to him was like eating pea-soup with a fork, and Jowett's answer was not less to the purpose, when I asked him what a sermon, which Maurice had just preached before the University, was about, and he replied—"Well! all that I could make out was that to-day was yesterday, and this world the same as the next." John Stuart Mill, who had known him early in life, said to me about this time, "Frederick Maurice has philosophical powers of the highest order, but he spoils them all by torturing everything into the Thirty-nine Articles." The fact that he should have exerted a distinctly stimulating and liberalising influence over

many more or less remarkable people, is sufficiently strange; but it must be remembered that he was a noble fellow, with immense power of sympathy, and an ardent, passionate nature, which often led him to right conclusions in spite of his hopelessly confused reasoning. To listen to him was to drink spiritual champagne.

May

18. From London to Paris, *via* Dieppe and Rouen, with Robert Chambers, with whom I had endless talk—chiefly geological.

After seeing the Exhibition, and various other things, I returned to London on the 1st of June.

July

10 to 31. Went Circuit (the Midland) for the first and last time, going to Northampton, Leicester, Lincoln, Derby, Nottingham, and Warwick,—every place indeed on the Circuit, as then constituted, except Oakham. The companionship of Fitzjames Stephen, some pleasant walks with him to Bosworth Field, Charnwood Forest, etc., and a good deal of plant-hunting, made it endurable; but I thought that he

defined Circuit life very well, when he called it "intimacy without friendship," and I never repeated the experiment, although I ran down once or twice afterwards, just to show myself at Warwick Assizes, and even got some briefs at Birmingham Sessions—my first, by the way, in consequence of the accident that I was the only person present who could interpret between the Court and a German prisoner.

August

5. Lady Mary Feilding said to me to-day, at Newnham Paddox, very happily, of the Sainte Chapelle, that "visiting it was like going into a sunset cloud."

7. Left Newnham for Ireland, and was joined by George Boyle at Chester, whence we passed to Conway Castle, made doubly interesting to me by one of the most beautiful of modern sonnets :—

"England! thy strifes are written on thy fields
In grim old characters, which studious time
Wears down to beauty, while green nature yields
Soft ivy-veils to clothe gray holds of crime,
And hides war's prints with spring-flowers that might wave
Their pale sweet selves upon a martyr's grave.

Here hath the ploughshare of the conquest worn
The furrowed moat around a cruel tower :
There York's white roses fringe in blameless scorn
The ledge of some Lancastrian lady's bower.
Least, for my country's sake, may I regret
The fruitful anger, and good blood that ran
So hot from Royalist and Puritan,
Which in our very soil is red and throbbing yet."

Faber.

From Conway we went by Holyhead, Dublin, Cork, Queenstown, and Glengarriff to Killarney, where, on the arbutus-covered islands, George Boyle read me the greater part of "Maud," which had just come out. The most memorable things on our journey were—an expedition down to the end of the breakwater, at Holyhead, on the outside of an engine, —a sensation altogether new to me, and highly agreeable ; the endless lines of purple willow-strife along the ditches in Ireland ; the Cove of Cork, with the fennel growing wild by the wayside ; a sail out to look at the Atlantic from Glengarriff ; and two peasant girls—fine types of Celtic beauty—somewhere on the hills near Kenmare.

16. We went from Tralee to Tarbet by car, thence by boat on the Shannon to near Kilrush, and so to

Kilkee, the prettiest and most primitive of bathing places.

At Galway, on August the 20th, George Boyle left me, and I went on alone to see Connemara,—much of which disappointed me; and the grand cliffs on the outside of Achill, which certainly did not. The view from Croghan, looking over Erris and Tyrawley, with half a gale driving light clouds past one, from the Atlantic, which foamed eighteen hundred feet below, was not to be forgotten.

Few things pleased me more in Ireland than the drive from Westport along Clew Bay, with Clare Island towering at the end of it. The ready wit of the people, too, was very pleasant, and even their desire always to say the agreeable thing, true or false, was not without its charm. I was not, however, very sorry when, having recrossed the island to Dublin, and passed thence to Belfast, I found myself running up the Clyde. In no place, by the way, except Galway, did the poverty strike me as very extreme; but it must be remembered that 1855 was long quoted as an exceptionally prosperous year in Ireland.

I added, during these weeks, considerably to my list of plants.

September

11. We were with a party at Tarlair,– a striking piece of cliff scenery on the coast of Banffshire,— when on returning to the carriage, the coachman told us that there was a rumour of the fall of Sebastopol. We drove into Banff, and found that it was quite true.

Amongst the party was Maine, who arrived at Eden a few days ago, and is full of a new paper which is to appear this autumn, and for which he asked me to write. I am not sure if the name had been fixed on at this date, but it was Maine who proposed to call it "The Saturday Review."

October

9 to 11. In Moray, seeing Patrick Duff's Geological Cabinet at Elgin, Mr. Gordon's Herbarium at Birnie, etc.

30. Very long conversation with John Stuart Mill at the India House. He had been away for many months travelling—amongst other places, in Sicily and Greece—and had been amusing himself very

much with botanising, to which he had taken, as he told me to-day, when a boy at Cauterets in the Pyrenees. He mentioned the absence of some common European and Italian plants from the flora of Palermo, found that city more lovable than Messina, was not much struck by the South coast, and disliked Catania on account of the gloomy appearance of the lava. With Syracuse, where he had a room looking across the Great Harbour to the Anapus, he was delighted, and astonished to find the cliffs of Epipolae so low, and the ruins of the old city so extensive.

He had seen the Acro-Corinthus, but found Ithome more striking ; said that there was a certain amount of "dacoity," but that Franks were not troubled. No view in Greece had seemed to him quite equal to one of Taygetus, but the general character of Greek scenery appeared to him to be, "that every prospect was perfect in itself." He spoke much of the way in which the lower classes in Greece had forgot their relations to ancient Greece, in so far as they had any, calling themselves Romans, and identifying the Hellenes with idolatry. We talked of the drying up of the streams, and of the Asopus being shrunk into pools even in May ; but he observed that the Sper-

cheius was still a considerable river, and that the Alpheus was unfordable below the junction of the three streams. He mentioned an Oriental plane in the centre of Euboea, the girth of which was equal to the extended arms of eight of his companions.

1856

January and February

Spent the winter in London very much out of health, especially in January and February.

Confined a good deal to the house, and in want of something to do, I wrote my first review for the *Saturday*, on Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, and remained very closely connected with the literary department of that paper till I went into Parliament. I wrote also a few articles for it on Indian and foreign politics, but never had anything to do, directly or indirectly, with the line taken in English politics, with which indeed I rarely sympathised. After I went into Parliament, I still wrote occasionally in the *Saturday Review*, but only at distant intervals, and my relations with it came entirely to an end in the year 1861.

February 24. Elected at Brooks's.

March

7. Looked over the old betting book at Brooks's. It is not very interesting, but here and there is a curious entry. On the 11th March 1776, for example, Mr. Charles Fox gave a guinea to Lord Bolingbroke, on the understanding that he was to receive a thousand guineas from him when the National Debt amounted to 171 millions. He was not, however, to pay the thousand guineas till he was a Cabinet Minister. In 1778 he gave Mr. Shirley ten guineas, on the understanding that he was to receive five hundred whenever Turkey in Europe belonged to a European Power or Powers.

11. Met, at Newnham Paddox, Moultrie, the Rector of Rugby, who had distinguished himself early in life under the *nom de plume* of Gerald Montgomery, writing "My Brother's Grave," and some other poems, in the *Etonian*. We talked a great deal of Praed, with whom he had been very intimate, and the publication of whose collected works was delayed at this time in a very provoking way.

May

1. Saw the Thousand Guineas race run at Newmarket.

August

20 to 29. With John Crosse, who later took the name of Hamilton, the son of the famous electrician, and his brother (who afterwards came to a tragical end while botanising near Mentone), for a short tour in the Western Highlands, starting from Eden, and going by Drumnadrochit to Glenmorriston, up past the Falls of Altiary, and over the watershed into Glenshiel, whence we crossed Mamrattachan into Glenelg, having a marvellous view of the Cuchullin mountains (which looked as if they were built up of light),[1] before we descended to the coast and crossed to Skye. We stayed some days in that island, climbed the black Hypersthene precipices of Benblaven, found the rare *Eriocaulon septangulare* in a lake near Sligachan, and visited Coruisk, where the evidences of glacial action were extremely interesting to my companions, who were both very keen geologists. An excursion to

[1] Dark as is the rock of which they are composed.

Quiraing was so spoilt by the fog, that I have to this day no definite idea what that place is like. On the whole, I thought Skye detestable, and was not sorry to find myself at the Inn of Balmacarra with A. P. Stanley, who declared that it was far harder to get to Skye than to Jerusalem.

October

7. Started with Robert Chambers, who was much occupied at this time with the study of river terraces, and had been examining with me very carefully the country round Eden, for a short journey in Moray, which took us up the Spey, across to Lochandorbh, and so down the Findhorn.

18. Had a very long conversation, at Birmingham, with John Henry Newman, to whom I had been introduced by Lord Feilding. It was not on this, but on a subsequent visit, that I was left for some minutes alone in the little *parloir* of the Oratory in which he received me, and had time to observe that the chief ornament of the room was an engraving of Oxford, with a frame in blue and gold, along the top of which ran the words—

"Fili hominis putesne vivent ossa ista?"

And below—

"Domine tu nosti."

19. Heard Newman preach, but the sermon was in no way remarkable.

1857

February

1. At Canterbury with A. P. Stanley, who went over with me the whole scene of Becket's murder, which he has described in his *Memorials*. Amongst other things, he told me a curious story of Chalmers. Chalmers had been abusing German theology to Tholuck, when the latter asked him, "Have you ever read any German theology?" Chalmers replied, "Well! now that I come to think of it, I don't think I have; but I will begin German to-morrow." And he did. Stanley recalled to me too the end of a sermon of Jowett's at Oban:—"In Thy light shall we see light. From the dimness of the sick-chamber, from the darkness of the grave, we shall creep into the light of the Almighty."

15. A friend had asked me to take her to hear

A. P. Stanley preach, which he rarely did in London at this period. Having learnt that he was to do so to-day, at a church in the City, I took her thither. Just as I left the house, I said, "Stanley is sure to preach upon 'Whittington and his Cat,' or something interesting." We went to the church, which was St. Michael's, College Hill—one of Wren's—and were placed opposite each other in a large square pew. My feelings can be easily imagined, when, about the middle of the sermon, Stanley said, "And at this place, and at this time, it may not be inappropriate to allude to that old story"—and we had "Whittington and his Cat"—the charity for which he preached, or the church, or something connected with it, having by an odd accident been really founded by Whittington.

April

5. A set of articles, which I have been writing recently in the *Saturday Review*, having brought me into connection with Professor Owen, I went down to-day to spend Sunday afternoon with him at his pretty little house, at East Sheen, on the edge of Richmond Park. This was the first of many pleasant

visits—his way of seeing his friends being to ask them to come down to visit him on Sunday afternoon, remaining to an early dinner.

11. At Blois. The sun was just dipping out of sight over a long low ridge, as I looked westward from the room where Guise was assassinated. The walls of the old château were covered everywhere with the bright blossoms of the wild yellow wallflower.

13. Up before five, and walked, amidst blossoming lilac, round the ramparts of Angoulême, looking over the Campagne de La Charente, called La Californie de La France, and well deserving its name.

15. First view of the great range from the balcony of the Maison Livingston at Pau.

I well remember repeating to my sister, during our first walk here, these lines of George Smythe's :—

"And they are far from their Navarre, and from their soft Garonne,
The Lords of Foix and Grammont, and the Count of Carcassonne,
For they have left, those Southron Knights, the clime they love so well,
The feasts of fair Montpellier, — and the Toulouse Carousel,—

And the chase in early morning, when the keen and pleasant breeze
Came cold to the cheek, from many a peak of the snowy Pyrenees."

After remaining about a fortnight at Pau, I went by Louvy to Eaux Chaudes and Gabas, visited Gaston Sacaze, the shepherd botanist, at his home near the Eaux Bonnes Valley; whence, returning to Pau, I passed by Orthez to Bayonne and Biarritz. Thence, crossing into Spain, I travelled to San Sebastian, where I was extremely struck with the wild beauty of the spot on the seaward face of the fortress, where the graves of Colonel De Lancey and others are placed among broken masses of rock, which were covered when I saw them with white asphodel and the yellow *Genista Hispanica*. From San Sebastian I crossed the hills to Pamplona, where I took a guide and rode northward to Roncesvalles.

I was sitting by the fire in the kitchen of the little *posada* at this place, and resting my head on my hand, when I heard a voice say behind me, "Mein Herr, sie sehen sehr traurig aus." "Ach nein," I replied, mechanically, "Ich bin nicht traurig, ich bin nur müde," turning as I spoke to look at the person who

had addressed me. He was clad precisely like all the peasants around him. We fell into conversation, and he told me his story, which was curious enough. He had begun life in the Prussian service, from which he had deserted when his regiment had been lying near the Belgian frontier. He had passed successively from the Belgian into the French and Spanish armies, and had at length settled down as a tailor in this remote little mountain town. It was strange to see how, through all the vicissitudes of a very varied—and, doubtless, extremely scampish — existence, he had retained that kind of culture which is given by German Volkslieder and Hymns.

My ride the next morning through beech-woods, in their tenderest green, down this beautiful pass, the very centre of middle-age romance, was most charming, and brought me past Valcarlos to the pretty little French town of St. Jean Pied de Port, whence I returned to Pau, and eventually to England.

My botanical gains on this journey were considerable. I think the plant which puzzled me most was *Lathraea clandestina*, which was named for me when I got home by J. S. Mill.

Closely associated with my sister, this spring, were

two very remarkable girls. The first of these, the Countess Aline Moussine Pouschkine – even then stricken by the disease of which she afterwards died— was the person to whom I alluded, in some words used in a paper written about this time, as "the pale, delicate loveliness exiled for health from St. Petersburg, and fading as fast as an arctic summer"; while the other was described as "the dark and splendid beauty of the south, full, as that of Venus victrix herself, of radiant and triumphant life, which might have been criticised as a little too Moorish in the streets of a Spanish town,"—as, in point of fact, it was.

The beautiful Constance Kojuhoska was really a Pole — a native not of Southern, but of Central Europe. The South, however, claimed her for its own; for she married a Neapolitan nobleman, and settled in Calabria.

June and July

Amongst people who interested me, this season in London, and who have all now passed away, I find the names of Admiral Smyth, of Drs. Brown and Lindley the Botanists, as also of Sir Richard Dundas,

who commanded the Baltic Fleet in the last year of the war. I have likewise notes of a conversation on the 17th of July with Mountstuart Elphinstone about the Indian Mutiny, by the news of which he was less alarmed than I had expected, saying, amongst other things, that there had been "nothing inexpiable, only two massacres of Europeans."

July 18. Attended the first of the *Saturday Review* dinners at "The Trafalgar." There were about twenty-six present, among them Maine, Stephen, Harcourt, Sandars, the Duke of Newcastle and his brother Lord Robert Clinton, Christopher Watson, John Ball, W. B. Donne, Carnegie, who used to be Member for Stafford, and who afterwards married Mr. Adrian Hope's eldest daughter, and Beresford Hope, who was at this time joint proprietor of the paper with J. D. Cook.

August

11. Leaving the railway at Blairgowrie, I drove up to the Spital of Glen Shee, and botanised the famous Corrie of Caenlochan—one of the best hunting grounds for alpine plants in Scotland.[1] Thence I went on to

[1] It was not till some years later that I determined to try to see

Mar Lodge, which was then known as Corriemuilzie Cottage, where I spent some days between the house and the shealings, and then, crossing by Corgarff, went down the whole length of Banffshire to Eden.

October

14. Delivered a lecture at Banff, founded chiefly on Dr. Reeves's edition of Adamnan, taking for my subject St. Colm's Well, the spring which supplies the town with water.

Early in November I returned to London, which I quitted for the North on the 10th of December, and was returned on the 19th for the Elgin Burghs, after nearly a week's contest with Sir James Hogg, who, however, seeing that he had been entirely misled by false information, and had not the slightest chance, retired the night before the nomination.

growing every British species recognised by Bentham. I have a good many still to find, but by no means despair of doing so. The first seven hundred are easily captured, but with every additional hundred after that limit is passed, the difficulty increases.

1858

February

4. Took my seat.

15. Made my maiden speech, on the second reading of Lord Palmerston's India Bill.

18. On my first Committee, about Harbours of Refuge, Mr. James Wilson being Chairman.

19. Government beat on Milner Gibson's motion. Some time after this, Whitbread told me that he happened that night to be sitting in the seats under the gallery, when Taylor[1] came up to Lord Derby, who was also sitting there. "Tell our men," said Lord D., "to vote *against* Government." "I can't possibly do so," replied Taylor. "I have brought them all up to vote *for* Government." "Never mind," answered Lord Derby; "say that I told you!"

[1] Then the Whip of the Conservative party.

22. I have just been elected at the Cosmopolitan — a club which, springing out of small beginnings, having at first been merely a private gathering of friends in Layard's rooms about 1852, had by this time grown to have something like 100 members, very carefully selected with a view to make the society as varied as possible. It met then, as it meets now, at No. 30 Charles Street, Berkeley Square, in a huge room, which was once used as Watts's studio, and on the walls of which there is an enormous picture by him from *Theodore and Honoria*.

Some one asked Lord Houghton what this represented. "Oh!" he replied, "you have heard of Watts's Hymns. These are Watts's Hers."[1]

It was just at this time that the *Globe*, then Palmerstonian, described Stirling as member of a murder club, in connection with the disagreeable passage of arms between Lord Palmerston and him about Cantillon's legacy; and it was supposed that this was owing to some odd confusion in the writer's mind about the Cosmopolitan.

26. Sit for the first time on the Opposition benches.

[1] The same joke has been turned into a riddle. What is the difference between Dr. Watts and Don Juan?—Dr. Watts was a writer of hymns, and Don Juan was a wronger of hers.

March

1. Elected at the Athenaeum, after having had my name only eight years on the books.[1]

3. The first number of the *Continental Review* appears. The article on Belgium and Sardinia was mine, and I wrote a good deal for the paper in the next few months.

21. I dined to-day with Garcia, to meet Alexander Herzen, then the editor of the *Kolokol*, and one of the most powerful persons in Europe. He was extremely bright and lively – "pétillant d'esprit." It was to-day, too, that I was introduced by Cook of the *Saturday Review* to Sidney Herbert.

April

4. Had a curious conversation with Thackeray at the Cosmopolitan about a French invasion, *àpropos* of the fiery Colonels, with regard to whom there was a good deal of talk at this time. He said, alluding to his recent candidature at Oxford :—"The chief reason why I wished to be in Parliament was, that I might

[1] Now a name must be down about seventeen years.

stand up once a year, and tell my countrymen what will happen when the French invade us."

8. I was spending a day or two, during the Easter recess, in Berkshire, when I was called suddenly to Pau by a telegram about my father's health, and did not return to London till, I think, the 26th.

On the 21st, I was taken to see Mrs. Glasgow Robertson at the Château of Bilhière, a person about whom there was a certain interest, from the fact that she was, truly or falsely, said to have sat for Lucile in *Corinne*.

May

15. Dined with Garcia to meet his sister, Viardot, and Ivan Tourgueneff, the Russian novelist.

17. Met Montalembert for the first time at Lord Fife's.

21. For the last time to Hookwood, to talk with Mr. Elphinstone about the Cardwell motion with reference to Indian affairs. It was the Oaks Day, and I had to walk across from Croydon, through lanes full of wild hyacinths and the bright yellow Galeobdolon.

31. Met for the first time, at a ball in the house of

Mr. Sumner, in Hertford Street, Mayfair, Miss Webster, whom I afterwards married.

June

12. Met, at Sir Emerson Tennent's, the notorious Spanish partisan leader, Cabrera.

August

7. At the Leasowes with George Boyle. The place has a curious resemblance to Carlincraig, one of the prettiest parts of the grounds at Eden, and one has a fresh interest in it, because, although Shenstone's poetry seems to me to have little or no merit, it is quite otherwise with some of his prose.

September

11. Made to-day the first of my Elgin speeches.

December

We remained at Eden all this autumn, till the 10th of this month, very much occupied with family business, rendered necessary by the death of my father on the

23rd September. On December 10th my mother, sister, and I went to London, and, before the end of the year, established ourselves at 101 Eaton Place.

I find the following very striking lines copied at the end of my 1858 diary in my sister's hand :

EINST (*Ferrand.*)

Wir standen an einem Grabe
Umweht von Flieder Duft ;
Still mit den Gräsern des Hügels
Spielte die Abendluft !

Da sprach sie bang und leise :
" Wann von der Welt ich schied,
Und kaum mein Angedenken
Noch lebt in deinem Lied—

Wenn Du auf weiter Erde
Verlassen und einsam bist,
Und nur im Traum der Nächte,
Mein Geist Dich leise küsst,

Dann komm zu meinem Grabe
Von Flieder und Rosen umlaubt,
Und neig auf die kühlen Gräser
Das heisse müde Haupt.

Ein Sträusschen duftiger Blumen
Bringst du wie sonst mir mit ;
Mich weckt aus tiefem Schlummer
Dein lieber bekannter Schritt.

Dann will ich mit Dir flüstern
So heimlich und vertraut,
Wie damals wo wir innig
Ins Aug' uns noch geschaut.

Und wer vorübergehet
Der denkt es ist der Wind,
Der durch die Blüthen des Flieders
Hin säuselt leis und lind !

Und wie Du lebst das Kleinste
Berichten sollst Du mir,
Und ich will Dir erzählen
Was ich geträumt von dir !

Wenn dann der Abend gekommen,
Und Stern an Stern erwacht,
Dann wünschen wir uns leise
Und heimlich 'Gute Nacht.'

Du gehst getröst nach Hause
Im Abend-Dämmerschein,
Und unter meinen Blumen
Schlaf ich still wieder ein."

Eden, *Nov.* 11, 1858.

1859

February

3. The House meets.

March

11. Arthur Russell tells me of a curious scene the other night at Madame Mohl's. Mignet said, as they were talking of the history of the later middle age, "I have now no doubt that there will be war." A dead silence ensued, which was broken by Cousin's saying, "Revenons à Louis Onze!"

April and May

9 and 10. It has been the finest spring I ever remember in England. Yesterday I saw the Persian lilac in flower in Cambridge Terrace, while to-day

I saw both the white and Persian lilac in flower in Chesham Place, and the laburnum coming into flower in Hans Place.

My marriage took place on the 13th of April. All our arrangements had been made for passing the honeymoon in Paris, when the sudden dissolution which was the result of the defeat of the Derby Reform Bill altered our plans, and we started immediately for Eden, which we made our headquarters until, on the 3rd of May, I was again returned unopposed for the Elgin Burghs.

On the 4th we reached Inverness, and passed on across the Black Isle to Cromarty, whence we struck southward, coming down on Rosemarkie through a gorge blazing with the yellow furze in a way never to be forgotten. Thence, after visiting Culloden, we went along the Caledonian Canal to Bannavie, and, mindful of Dr. Bright's very remarkable lines in "Crowned and Discrowned,"[1] ran up to the head of Loch Shiel.[2]

14 to 17. We passed from Bannavie to Fort

[1] "But her name recalls my vision like a sunburst o'er the deep.
Oh! I see the summer morning on the shores of Moidart sleep,
And the standard on Glenfinnan, and thy kindling glance, Lochiel,
And Macdonald's sudden rapture as his clansmen bared the steel."

[2] See *infra*, 1867.

William, and so by Glencoe and the Trossachs to Edinburgh.

18 and 19. Two long walks over Edinburgh with Robert Chambers, the king of cicerones.

Across Princes Street Gardens. Robert Chambers pointed out the glacial smoothing on the Castle Rock, and the postern where Dundee had his interview with the Duke of Gordon. Sir Walter Scott is wrong, said our guide, about the way Dundee left Edinburgh; but then no one is bound to "swear to the truth of a song." The ugly range of barracks in the Castle are on the site of the old Hall, 80 feet long. Passing on behind the Castle, we saw, on the left, part of the old wall of the town, with oyster shells in it. Next came the King's Stables, where tournaments were held; the Westport and the Grassmarket, where the site of the gallows is still marked by stones in the shape of a cross on the causeway. Soon we reached the West Bow, and observed some houses with the Templar Cross. This was the quarter made too famous by the Porteous Mob. Near the entrance of the Cowgate, we came on the house occupied by Lord Brougham's father and mother till a few days before his birth. It belonged to the sister of Robertson the historian, the

mother of Mrs. Brougham. The Cowgate dates from about 1500, and was thought at that time a most stately street. Thence we passed up Candlemaker Row, once a great entrance to Edinburgh from the south, to Greyfriars Churchyard. Here the most interesting things are the monument to Allan Ramsay, and one to Maclaurin with a remarkable inscription; the mausoleum of Robertson; the monument of Alexander Henderson, who preached in this church when the Covenant was signed; the place where the Bothwell Brig prisoners, first 1200 then 400, were confined, with the old gateway and gate still remaining. Hard by is the mausoleum of "the Bloody Mackenzie." R. Chambers remembered the schoolboys running away from it with the rhyme—

> "Bluidy Mackenzie, come oot gin ye daur;
> Lift the sneck and draw the bar."

Tomb of Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling." Curious monument to the Covenanters from Argyll to Renwick.

From the Greyfriars Church we walked across Brown Square. (See *Redgauntlet*.) Green Mantle vanished down the alley on the left. Hence we passed along by the College. Opposite this, on the left, is the Horse Wynd, where people of position

lived seventy years ago. The projecting house on the left was that of Lady Galloway. A little farther on is the College Wynd, where Sir Walter Scott was born. The house is destroyed.

On and down past the infirmary and the High School Wynd, up which Bothwell came to murder Darnley. Down into the Cowgate, where the house of Cardinal Beaton still stands, under which Mary must have passed when Bothwell's spies saw her go up the Blackfriars Wynd, with torches before her. A little to the east is Toddrick's Wynd, where Bothwell hung about till the Queen was off to Holyrood. In a small house near this, now occupied by a broker, the Danish Lords who came over with Anne of Denmark were entertained. Soon we reached the building of the Mint, and went into the courtyard. In the front of the building, soon to be used as an industrial school, was the Council Chamber of the Mint. All the money in circulation in Scotland, when called in at the Union, was £600,000.

Up the Mint Close, coming out nearly opposite Knox's house. On the opposite side are two fine Roman heads ; history unknown. Looking far down the street, on the right hand is the house of the Earl

of Moray, where Cromwell lived a whole winter: 1650-51.

June

1. Took my seat in the new Parliament.

6. The famous meeting of the party in Willis's Rooms, at which Lord Palmerston helped Lord John Russell on to the platform.

11. Just before daylight, we divided, beating the Derby Government by 13.

15. When the ladies had left, after dinner, I went up to the head of the table, and Professor Owen, who was sitting on my right, said, "So here at last is 'Homo mammontii testis.'" This was the first I had heard of the Abbeville discoveries.

July

17. Introduced to Madame Mohl, at a party at Mr. James Wilson's.

August

6 to 15. Short tour among the English Lakes, visiting Ambleside, Grasmere, Wastwater, etc., and finding many plants.

October

12. To Paris, where settled presently in a house in the Rue Balzac, and gave myself up to becoming better acquainted with the city from many points of view.

26. Introduced, by Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, to Renan at the Imperial Library.

28. Renan dined with us, and we had the first of the long series of conversations which were for many years among my greatest pleasures in Paris.

29. Introduced by Prince Frederick to Garcin de Tassy, Professor of Hindustani, and to Alfred Maury.

31. Dined with the Mohls, meeting Cousin and Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

November

4. To the Cemetery in the Convent of the Dames Blanches (Sacré Cœur), 35 Rue Picpus, where Lafayette is buried, and where the relations of those guillotined at the Barrière du Trône may be buried by right. Amongst the names I observed—Noailles,

Merodes, Montmorencys, Rochefoucaulds, Rohans, Polignac the Minister, etc.

Since that time, Montalembert has also been laid here.

14. To see Michelet. Amongst other things he mentioned that the *ouvriers* were taking to read the French Classics, under the impression that it is by an education of this kind that the upper classes are superior to them.

16. A long walk with a young geologist, the first of several which I took for the purpose of getting an idea of the Paris Basin.

20. Breakfasted with M. Gigot, a very intelligent young advocate, at the Café D'Orsay, meeting two friends of his, Charles and St. Hilaire Mercier de Lacombe, belonging, like himself, to the Liberal Catholic party.

21. Introduced by M. Gigot to Villemain at his rooms in the Institut, and, later the same day, to Ollivier, with whom found M. Picard, who was then, like himself, just coming into notice.

24. Introduced by M. Gigot to Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, to M. de Falloux, and to M. Cochin.

25. To-night, as almost every Friday during this

period, to Madame Mohl's, where met Villemain, Bentham the botanist, and many others.

27. Dined with Lord Stanhope to meet Cousin, who told an amusing story of the unwillingness of a London bookseller to sell him a rare book on Sunday, a scruple which was got over by Cousin's accepting the book as a gift over a glass of beer, and paying for it afterwards. Speaking of the salary of 30,000 francs which was paid to the members of the Senate, Cousin said that the Emperor, on being remonstrated with about it as an unnecessary expense, had replied—"Trust me, I know my countrymen."

29. The Olliviers, Renan, Gigot, and others dine with us. Renan spoke very strongly against Béranger in the spirit of his articles about him. Ollivier at this period was most furiously hostile to the Emperor. He inveighed against the falsehood of the historical teaching of the French schools, and described himself, as a boy, standing, with tears in his eyes, to see "the bones of that wretch brought back from St. Helena in state, instead of being left *sur la voirie*."[1]

The conversation turned upon Brittany, and

[1] Nevertheless I think that his enthusiastic admiration for Louis Napoleon in later years was quite as sincere as his hostility of 1859. I watched the change in all its stages.

passed thence to the early Scotch and Irish Saints. Renan said that the Irish were undoubtedly in Iceland before the Northmen, that the name of the Antilles was a memory of Atlantis, just as Brazil was of Hybrasil, the island which the inhabitants of the Arran group in the Bay of Galway imagined they saw far to the westward.

December

1. I went to-day for the first, or almost the first, time, to see Madame de Circourt, who was accustomed at this period to receive every day in the week, and had an immense acquaintance amongst the pleasantest people all over Europe. She was by birth a Russian—Madlle. Klustine—but had, like several of the most gifted of her countrywomen, become a Catholic. Up to the time of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris, she had been exceptionally strong and active. On that day, however, she had allowed all her servants to go out to see the show, remaining herself at home, when by some misadventure the strings of her cap took fire, and she was so dreadfully burnt that she never recovered it.

An invalid who possesses the other necessary

qualities, is perhaps the very best person to be at the head of a salon, and Madame de Circourt had these qualities to perfection. Her reading was very extensive, her knowledge of persons, and her interest in everything of importance that was going on in the world, immense. All this was combined with the most admirable tact, and a presence of mind so remarkable, that if any one, whom she knew, entered her salon, after an absence of many months, she would not only recognise him the instant he reached that part of the room that she could command (for she lay propped up in a corner, unable to turn her head), but remember at once all about him, so much so that she always said the appropriate thing, and asked the appropriate question.

It was to-day that I met for the first and last time the Chevalier Bunsen, who was then, I think, living in Bonn, and was near the end of his career. I remember he talked a good deal to Madame de Circourt about Arnold.

2. Attended the Public Annual Meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, where Texier, whose book on Asia Minor was long afterwards so useful to us at Sardis and elsewhere, read a paper.

3. To a séance of the Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, where the paper was by Mignet, and where I saw, for the first time, Léonce de Lavergne, the translator of Arthur Young; Michel Chevalier, and others.

4. Introduced to-day at Madame de Circourt's to M. d'Yzarn Freyssinet, the author of *Pensées Grises*, a little book which was at this time a good deal talked about in a small circle, but which has never, so far as I am aware, become widely known. I do not know how far its author may have been indebted to others, but some of the things in the volume seem to me exceedingly good. I extract a few :—

"Il est un quart d'heure dans la soirée où une femme élégante préfère une robe à son amant."

"Un titre, dont les événements de notre époque ont dissous la valeur, est celui d'homme d'état. A présent, un homme d'état n'est qu'un ministre dans un état."

"On ne semble vivre que pour se préparer à vivre, et bien peu d'hommes, au moment de la mort, pourraient se dire : 'J'ai vécu.'"

"A mesure qu'on avance dans la vie, la couleur grise se substitue à toutes les couleurs."

"Le catholicisme avec la vénérable série de ses

pontifes, la liaison raisonnée de ses doctrines et de ses dogmes, sa tradition antique qui perce les âges et va se nouer aux premiers jours du monde, le catholicisme, s'il n'est l'explication, est une explication."

"Nous mourons tous les jours un peu."

"Avec la pensée de la mort il n'y a pas de but qui mérite un effort."

"A de certaines personnes nous ne montrons que nos défauts, à d'autres que nos qualités."

"Les diamants sur une tête laide sont comme un phare sur un écueil ; ils avertissent."

"Il est de certains regards qui rendent l'âme visible."

"Savoir causer, c'est-à-dire être cause que les autres ont de l'esprit ; aimable science !"

"La France est gouvernée maintenant par un pouvoir absolu, tempéré par une liberté morte. Ainsi le soleil éclaire encore l'horizon, même lorsqu'il a disparu."

"Les faits historiques se laissent manœuvrer comme les pierres de taille, avec lesquelles on élève une guinguette ou un temple."

"Une vieille dynastie décore une nation ; c'est sa poésie politique."

"La bêtise qui agit devient sottise."

"Ceux dont la seule occupation est de tuer le temps doivent être des bourreaux bien malheureux."

"La paresse sauve plus souvent qu'on ne croit, car il faut se donner beaucoup de peine pour faire beaucoup de mal."

"La grande route est d'un aspect froid et monotone, sans imprévu ni distractions, mais avec elle on arrive ; à côté il y a des sentiers pleins d'ombres, de contours, de mystères, mais on s'y égare ; tel est le bon sens, tel est le paradoxe."

"Il ne faut pas être trop incrédule ; il y a des faits vrais quoiqu'ils soient dans l'histoire."

It was M. d'Yzarn Freyssinet who told me a story about Lamartine, which is worth writing down. At the time when the History of the Girondins was exciting all France, and preparing the way for the fall of the July Monarchy, M. Freyssinet, meeting one day its gifted author, said to him, "I cannot understand, M. de Lamartine, how it is that you think so well of all these people. Royer Collard, whom both you and I knew and respected, used to say of them, 'Pour parler simplement et franchement ce n'était qu'une canaille.'" "Pardon," was the reply, "c'était une canaille qui n'était ni simple ni franche !"

5. To-day I heard Laboulaye lecture, at the Collège de France.

6. To hear Hase lecture on Modern Greek, at the Imperial Library. The perfect freedom with which

all these lectures are open to the public is very satisfactory. A person lately told me that he had educated his son entirely through gratuitous public lectures, after he had ceased to be a mere boy, and I must say he had succeeded extremely well.

7. To Versailles to call on M. de Falloux, who was very full of the life of Madame Swetchine, which he had just been editing.

It was M. de Falloux who said of Louis Napoleon, with great truth, "Il ne sait pas la différence entre rêver et penser." He asked much about England, and was afraid of the smallness of our majorities, and the difficulty of forming a strong government.

8. Dined with Madame Mohl, meeting, amongst others, Cousin, who was very angry with England, because, he said, she was thwarting French policy in Italy, and insulting France, "Et nous n'insultons personne." This sort of foolish talk seemed to me habitual with him, and I have never been able to understand on what foundation his great social fame rested.

9. Spent the forenoon with Ollivier at the Palais, where I saw Dufaure, Berryer, and Senart.

11. In the evening to Michel Chevalier's for the first time. An elderly man (I know not who), who

had been much in Spain, said, "No money appears till there is a piece of land to be bought; then you find out that every one is rich."

17. From our settlement in the Rue Balzac up to this time, we had a man to come to talk to us in the mornings with a view to improve our French, a most intelligent and well-meaning creature, with a great many good ideas on many subjects. The fact that this dreamer, who would not have willingly hurt a fly, should have been one of the mob who penetrated into the Tuileries in February 1848, and should have had actually in his possession an historical exercise in the hand of the Duchess of Orleans, which he had found, after she fled, in the schoolroom of the "Enfants de France," speaks volumes as to the state of French society during the last thirty years. I can never think of him without being reminded of a character I once saw represented on the French stage, who said, in detailing his adventures, "Enfin j'étais Dieu, et je louais un petit temple sur le Boulevard des Bons Enfants—Cela n'a pas réussi."

Conversation with Maury, who said that "There are only two nations in Europe who have a political future: England and Russia. France has none."

In the evening at Madame Schwabe's, where I talked with Cobden and Renan, who said to the great Free-trader that he admired him very much, adding, however, "Mais vous marquez la fin de la grande politique d'Angleterre." True words, though not in the sense in which the speaker meant them!

Cobden said that the Sultan ought to be driven out of Europe, as far as Bagdad, at the least. He spoke very disparagingly of the political importance of Constantinople. "Who would exchange Marseilles for it, or New York, or Liverpool?"

Gibraltar, too, he holds very cheap.

He had told Fould that a Bonaparte on the throne, and the sudden war in Italy, would cost Europe twenty millions a year. Rothschild says that that is understated. "He (Cobden) has been advocating a dose of Free Trade."

19. To the Académie des Sciences, where saw Flourens and others.

At 1 o'clock to 40 Rue du Bac, by appointment with Montalembert, and found Ollivier with him. While we were there, M. Baze, one of the Quaestors of the Assembly in 1851, came in. Montalembert had not seen him since he was seized in his bed on the

2nd of December. Ollivier took the cheerful view: Montalembert the desponding. O. thought that the Empire had lost much in the last year. M. said—"Vous êtes un bourgeois." O. replied—"Non, je ne suis pas bourgeois." M.—"Yes, you are; you have no idea of the peasantry. In every hut there is Louis Napoleon and Eugenie. The peasant distrusts the *bourgeois* of all degrees of fortune. He does not insult, but he does not confide in him."

Kinglake's speech the other day at Bridgewater had much pleased Montalembert, and he asked me who he was. I said, "The author of *Eothen*." To which he replied—"But what is *Eothen?* I never heard of it."

He talked of the extension of the suffrage in England. "Remember, you cannot retrace your steps," he said. "Here we have one million who know something, and all the other millions are brutes. What is the wisdom of Guizot, or the ardour of Ollivier, to do against the Bonapartist craze of the masses?"

The conversation passed to the relations between France and England. "By ability and eloquence," he said, "the Parliamentary notabilities kept down the

anti-English spirit. England can never be safe unless France has a Parliamentary Government." It was on this occasion that he said to me that invasion would be a great risk, but that if he were the Emperor he would run that risk, and mentioned, as an illustration of the feeling of the French peasantry about war, that, in his own village in Burgundy, the people, when he spoke of the carnage of the Crimean campaign, had said—"Que voulez vous? il y a trop de monde!"

21. To see Berryer, who lived then at No. 9 in Thackeray's "New Street of the Little Fields." He talked much of Lord Lyndhurst and his immortal youth, and much about the way in which English statesmen had lauded Louis Napoleon.

In the afternoon Villemain called and told me a story of which he was evidently fond, for he repeated it again on the 27th, how, when a young Secretary in 1819 at the French Embassy in London, he had sat long at an evening party talking with Canning about Simonides, and how some wiseacre warned his chief as to the danger of political secrets being wormed out of his subordinate by the English statesman.

27. Villemain and others dined with us. Madame Mohl, who was of the party, told me that he had

talked "up to his very best," and that best was as good or better than that of any living man. Amongst other things he mentioned that he had been appointed to offer Lamartine an embassy, and that Lamartine's reply had been in the affirmative, "provided I am sent to Vienna, and that there is a Congress there."

He told a story of the Empress having lately said that she was "deux fois Catholique" as a Spaniard and as the French Empress. "Elle est étonnante," said a Minister.

It was not, I think, this evening, but a little before, that he told me the answer of the Duchesse de Duras to Charles the Tenth, when he spoke of the Greeks as Jacobins—"Non, Sire, c'est La Vendée de la Chretienté" —"un fier mot," as the King afterwards said, and a successful one. It should be remembered that M. de Kersaint, the father of the speaker, had been guillotined by the Jacobins for his devotion to the throne.

29. Heard Berryer for the first and last time; but it was only in a Will case, where there was no room for eloquence.

To-day M. de Falloux came to call on us. He talked of the extinction of the Gallican spirit in France. My wife, who had never seen him before,

said, with perfect truth, that he looked just like a gentleman of the League come out of his grave.

30. M. de Circourt called, and it was on this occasion that he made a remark which I have often quoted, with or without the last part, and which has become pretty familiar in the North. "If it had pleased the Almighty to create not 2, but 20 millions of Scotchmen, they would have conquered the world; and uncommonly hardly they'd have used it too!"

This evening at Madame de Circourt's I met young Prince Ypsilanti, who was, at one time, talked of as a not wholly impossible person to be King of Greece. Speaking of the chances of Constantinople passing into the hands of the Russians, he said—"In the first place, Europe would not allow it; and in the second, if it did, Notre épée serait là!"

1860

January

1. In the afternoon to see Renan, with whom found Baron D'Eckstein, who, now very old and chiefly known as a student of Sanskrit, by no means recalled "Lutzow's wilde Jagd," with which he had nevertheless ridden in his youth.

On to Ollivier, where much talk about his suspension from the privileges of an advocate, for some offence given to the Government. Montalembert came in, and talked very energetically about the affair, using the expression "servility outrunning servitude." I walked away with him, and found that he was much annoyed by the praise given in the English papers to the Emperor's Italian policy, tracing it all, very erroneously, to our national dislike of the Pope.

3. Went on from the Circourts to Madame Tourgueneff's, where talked much with her husband, who was the first, or one of the first Russians, to take up seriously the question of the Emancipation of the Serfs.

6. The elder Mercier de Lacombe took me to see Gratry, who talked much of a paper by John Stuart Mill on "The limits of Non-intervention," and drew from it the inference that there was a broad distinction between the new and old generation of English politicians.

At night to Madame de Staël's, where I was introduced to the old Duc de Broglie and M. Duvergier de Hauranne. The room was nearly quite full of men, and the talk chiefly of politics. I remember saying to myself, "This is the large room at Brooks's translated into French." Introduced by M. de Circourt to the Duchesse de Rauzan. She was the daughter of the Duchesse de Duras.

8. To-day M. Viennet, one of the oldest members of the Academy, reads at Madame de Circourt's a little comedy called *La Migraine*.

To the Chevaliers at night, where talked with Cobden, and where Villemain fell down in what

happily proved only a fainting fit, but we all thought he was gone.

9. Breakfasted with Count Pourtales, the Prussian Ambassador here, meeting amongst others M. Waddington.

13. Introduced to Guizot at Madame de Staël's, who spoke much of his visit to Aberdeenshire in 1857, and of the projected reduction in the French tariff.

14. At the Rauzans to-day, saw the Duc de La Tremouille, who, Circourt says, is, in point of rank, much the greatest man in France.

15. With M. Mohl to be introduced to M. Thiers at his house in the Place St. Georges, where met M. C. de Remusat and others. Mignet and Roger du Nord both spoke very strongly against the ballot and against much lowering of the franchise. "Gardez vos mœurs publiques," said Roger again and again with much emphasis. Thiers was furious about the Commercial Treaty with England, the news of which had just transpired, and abused Michel Chevalier heartily. He spoke with great admiration of Lord Derby's oratory, but the value of his criticism was somewhat diminished by his admission that he could not even *read* English with any ease.

All were very curious to know whether Lord Palmerston's Government was likely to fall, and full of questions about the Irish Members.

18. To the Circourts, and then on to Madame de Rauzan's. Introduced at the former house to M. de Kergorlay.

20. With M. de Circourt to Lamartine, but found him with a bad headache and much knocked up, so that he said very little.

23. Dined with Michelet, meeting Pelletan, Emmanuel Arago, D'Uhlbach, Vacherot, Dumesnil, etc. Some one, I think Arago, said—"Ah! I know that house well. I conspired in it twenty years ago." Dumesnil is the person of whom —— told a good story this morning at Michelet's expense. He declares that Michelet, when last asked to stand for some constituency, replied—"J'ai assez payé mes dettes, mais je donne mon gendre Dumesnil à la France," which, however, happily for him, did not accept "mon gendre Dumesnil."[1]

—— will have it, too, that Michelet began a

[1] Long afterwards, when in India, I came, in a strange roundabout way, on some traces of his activity; and a very useful life he seemed to be leading outside of the political arena.

lecture at the Collége de France with these words—"L'histoire est une lyre à trois cordes—La première c'est mon ami Mickiewicz, le défenseur des opprimés. La seconde c'est mon ami Edgar Quinet, l'âme d'un heros dans le corps d'un Saint. La troisième c'est moi."

Met Lanfrey for the first time at Madame Tourgueneff's. He said, amongst other things, that Ollivier had a "tête tout-à-fait vide."

Nothing indeed is more surprising here, to an English Member of Parliament, than the reckless, and indeed ferocious, way in which French politicians speak of one another.

February

I returned to London for the opening of Parliament, and met on the 8th at Schlesinger's Freiligrath the poet, who was at this time employed in some banking or mercantile establishment in London: a very unpoetical-looking figure. Another of the party was Klapka, who defended Komorn in 1849. I talked to him chiefly about Geneva, where he had been living, and found that he had a good word both for James Fazy and his mortal enemies of the Conservative party.

16. To a meeting at Willis's Rooms, about raising

some memorial to Mountstuart Elphinstone. I spoke strongly, but in vain, against the proposal of a statue, feeling very sure that Chantrey's would not be surpassed, and thinking that the object at which we all aimed would best be fulfilled by connecting the name of Elphinstone, through some scholarship or scholarships, with Indian studies, just as the name of Dean Ireland has been connected with Greek and Latin.

17. To-day I had a long conversation with Kossuth, about the future of Turkey and other subjects. He said that up to the Peace of Paris he had quite disagreed with Napoleon, and had not thought that the "sick man" would die. Now he despaired; much to his sorrow, as he had a strong affection for the Turks.

"*He* would hardly be accused of belonging to the school of Metternich, but he quite agreed with that statesman in believing that a Government which accepts a favour it cannot reciprocate is already mediatised. A Government with one protector abdicates its independence; but five protectors!—that is death. When Izad, Pacha of Belgrade, heard of the Hungarian catastrophe, he wept like a child, and immediately after sold all his property in European Turkey. Kossuth said that the Servians would be at

the head of a new confederation on the Danube: fine fellows, though the enemies of Hungary in 1849. Reschid Pacha had secretly advised the Hungarians to seize Alt Orsova, and had agreed to allow one hundred thousand stand of arms to go up the Danube, but the plan had failed through the blunder of a Mr. ——, secretary to the Hungarian Chargé d'Affaires, who informed Sir Stratford Canning. Austria should have made Pesth her centre of gravity, when her Emperor ceased to be Emperor of Germany. Now she seemed doomed. He, for his part, would do his utmost to prevent any rising in Hungary, until the French flag was actually unfurled on Hungarian soil." We then passed on to talk of the war of last year, and he told a curious anecdote about his passport, to illustrate the way in which Napoleon's personal wishes were thwarted by those about him. Kossuth had seen much of Napoleon during the Italian campaign, and said that, while the Derby Ministry was in power, he expected every day to learn that England had gone against him. Kossuth had warned him of his danger, if, like his uncle, he broke with Austria without a final success. He sprang from his chair, and said, "I entirely agree with you." Kossuth found him extremely puzzled about the details

of his Commissariat, and his operations generally before Villafranca, and did not doubt that his perplexities had had much to do with the sudden peace. On the whole, however, he thought better of his intellect every time he saw him.

20. Introduced to-day by Kinglake at the Athenaeum to Hayward and Streletzki, who, with one or two more at this time, and for many years afterwards, were given to dine together whenever they could, in the left-hand corner of the Coffee Room.

22. Went to the Conservative Club, by appointment with William Spottiswoode, to meet Lord Strangford, whom I afterwards came to know so well. On this occasion he talked much of Lord Stratford, whom he thought absurdly overrated.

24. I think it was to-night that I was introduced for the first time by Arthur Russell at the House of Commons to Sir John Acton, about whom Montalembert had asked me more questions, in Paris, than I was able to answer.

25. Dined at the Conservative Club with William Spottiswoode, to meet Lord Strangford and the Baron de Bode, whose "case" was for so many years a burden to newspaper readers, but who amongst other things

was a numismatist, and had bought coins at Hamadan. I think the only other person there was John Warren,[1] who went out with Lord Stratford on his special mission, and whose name occurs so frequently in my diary from 1867 onwards. The conversation turned, as was natural, chiefly on Eastern subjects.

March

9. Sat for the first time on an Election Committee, which terminated, a few days afterwards, in seating for Peterborough Mr. Whalley, who was later only too well known.

Introduced to-night at Lady Palmerston's to Lady William Russell. She was at this time well on to seventy, but had not met with the accident which confined her afterwards for so many years to her own house. Although still a very fine-looking woman, one would hardly have guessed that she was the person alluded to in these two verses of *Beppo:*

"I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And stayed them over for some silly reason,
And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
To see what lady best stood out the season;

[1] Later Lord De Tabley.

And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn),
Whose bloom could, after dancing, dare the dawn.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see ;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet, if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball
You still may mark *her* cheek, out-blooming all."

10. We began this morning at 20 Queen Street, Mayfair, a long series of Saturday breakfasts, which we kept up steadily there and elsewhere till I went into office in the end of 1868, when my hours had to be somewhat altered. On this occasion our guests were Arthur Russell, James Martineau, Ralph Earle, who was long Disraeli's private secretary ; Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who was destined in such stirring days to be private secretary to M. Thiers, and later Foreign Minister, but who was living at this time quite out of politics ; T. C. Sandars, and Captain W. Eastwick.[1]

[1] In 1891 I printed for circulation amongst the, even then, sadly

28. Monckton Milnes showed me a copy of *The Sorrows of Werther*, given by Goethe to La Motte Fouqué, with the autograph of the author; also, the Liste des Condamnés in 1763. I observe that André Chenier and Trenck were put to death just three days before the fall of Robespierre. Robespierre was only thirty-five when he was guillotined, and St. Just only twenty-six.

April

28. Conversation with Dr. Conolly, the famous mad doctor, at Hanwell. He said that two in every thousand persons in England are mad, and that in his experience the chief causes are, among the lower classes, worry, the necessity for providing for the day that is passing over them, but in the upper classes, especially among women, drink and Calvinistic religion.

May

29. Looked over the "Leguminosae," or part of them, in the Sibthorp Greek Herbarium, which is preserved at Oxford.

diminished company of survivors, a list of all who attended those breakfasts, so arranged as to indicate next to whom each guest sat.

Introduced by Parker, then Fellow and Tutor of University, later member for Perthshire, to Saffi, the ex-triumvir of Rome.

June

8. Major von Orlich, who died suddenly on the night of the 2nd, of *angina pectoris*, was buried to-day in the Brompton Cemetery. I went early for Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, and took him to 48 Wimpole Street, finding there Lord Sligo, who, as Lord Altamont, had travelled with Orlich in India; and Lord West, who had been his other travelling companion. There were also there Monckton Milnes, whose cousin Orlich married, and the elder De la Rive, who was at this time in London about the Chablais and Faucigny business.

11. Went to-night to Henry Murray's rooms in the Albany, where he used to receive, in a free-and-easy way, all sorts of strange people. Among his guests to-night were Petherick, from the Upper Nile, and the Abbé Hamilton.

19. Moved in the House of Commons for a Committee on the Diplomatic Service.

July

2. Heard Hutt mention that Lord John Russell had told him that, when a Westminster boy, he had had so little interest in politics as never to have cared to go under the gallery even to hear Fox speak.

4. The British Association is meeting this year at Oxford, and there has been a great scene between the Bishop of Oxford and Huxley, of which Monckton Milnes has brought to the House of Commons a comic version. According to him, Huxley asserted "that the blood of guinea pigs crystallises in rhombohedrons." Thereupon the Bishop sprang to his feet and declared that "such notions led directly to Atheism"!

6. Walked up from the House of Commons as usual with Arthur Russell. We overtook and joined Disraeli, as once before. I asked him, amongst other things, if he ever bought old pictures. "No," he said; "I have been at the making of too many." We left Russell at his door in Audley Square, and I walked on with Disraeli in the faint dawn. I asked him if he had consciously increased in facility of speaking. He said, No. He had never spoken in a

debating society. "Perhaps," he added, "it would have been better if I had, at least at the commencement of affairs." He told me that Lord John Russell had as nearly as possible left Parliament in despair, and advised me to read Moore's lines addressed to him, of which, as it happened, I had never before heard. He thought Lord John essentially sensitive and poetical. He then passed on to speak of Lady William Russell, who, he said, was the most fortunate woman in England, because she had the three nicest sons.

Thirteen years passed away, and Lady William, then in extreme old age, said to me—"Am I not fortunate to have lived to see one of my sons the head of his family, and the other the head of his profession?"

7. Kinglake dined with me, and spoke much of Sunderland, who sat for the portrait in Tennyson's "Character," but who was nevertheless a most brilliant and extraordinary person. He lost his reason, and ended, I have been told, in believing himself the Almighty.

A. P. Stanley, who was also of the party, talked much of the account of the society at Great Tew in Clarendon's Memoirs.

10. Saw Sir John— afterwards Lord Lawrence— for the first time, at a large dinner party given by Captain W. Eastwick.

16. We have taken lodgings at Kew, and have been spending all the time I could spare from the House with Dr. Hooker in the Gardens, returning home every night laden with roses.

22. To Little Holland House, under the wing of T. Hughes. Little Holland House, which belonged to the Prinseps, was a great place of resort with a certain set about this time, the presiding genius of the place being Mr. Watts, who was always spoken of as the "Maestro," and treated with the utmost deference.

28. The Cosmopolitan gives a great dinner to Lord Clyde at the Albion. I sat between H. A. Bruce and Layard; opposite Morier and Arthur Russell. As a whole, the party was no great success, and nothing of the kind was, I think, again attempted by the Club.

31. Dined at the Athenaeum with Rawlinson, who has just returned from Persia, and Sir Charles Macarthy, who has just been appointed to Ceylon.

September

22. Cosmo Innes, who is staying with us at Eden, examines the old castle, and comes to the conclusion that the lower part of it dates from the fifteenth century.

October

1. My Elgin speech ; the first of those republished by me in 1871.

14. Much the finest day we have had at Eden this autumn. Great banks of clouds lying along the south-west ; all the rest clear. Not even the highest leaves of the trees moving. Snowberries seen against the azaleas with their leaves all red. Hill of Stonyley under the sunset. Song of the redbreast, reminding us of Cornish's lines, quoted in *The Christian Year* for the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

November

2. A singularly clear and beautiful moonlight night has been followed by a most perfect day. To-night we have the aurora borealis streaming from nearly every part of the sky up to the zenith.

25. In Paris, at the Hotel Mirabeau. Long conversation with Jules Simon, mostly about things and people now passed away. Speaking of Thiers, he said he was a Jacobin, but no Liberal. He described Lanfrey as "un enfant," guided rather by impulse than principle; thought that Renan had begun as a "sceptique savant," but was likely to end as a "sceptique mystique," and had told him that France wanted "gros pain," and not his "pâtisserie fine." He spoke very highly of the Mulhouse manufacturers for their conduct to their workmen; put those of Sedan next; while those of Rheims, Lisle, Amiens, and Rouen he classed respectively as third, fourth, fifth, and sixth.

Amongst other people whom I went to call on to-day was Maury, who, since I saw him in the spring, has been made private librarian to the Emperor, and is assisting him in his Life of Caesar. I asked him how that work was getting on. He replied, "Very slowly. I do not even know that it will ever appear, but this I can tell you. The Emperor is working as hard at ancient history as a young man reading for his examinations. I was for three hours in his Cabinet to-day, and in the course

of them he looked in and said, 'Je ne puis pas faire de l'histoire ancienne avec vous aujourd'hui. J'ai trop d'histoire moderne à faire.'"

This was the day, it should be recollected, on which the Decrees modifying the French Constitution came out in the *Moniteur*.

26. Called on Ollivier and many others, amongst whom was Villemain, who said that he did not expect a speedy return to Constitutional Government, but thought that France would long remain within the Imperialist circle. He believed the curés might easily be made friendly to the Government from jealousy of their bishops. He thought a National Church in France was quite impossible, and quoted some one who had said, "Beware of trying to make a patriarchate; there is not enough Christianity in France for two."

27. At Chambéry, where saw the grotesque monument to the famous adventurer De Boigne, who disciplined Scindiah's battalions. Many years ago, I think in 1823, my father stopped at this place to visit him. In the course of conversation De Boigne said, "Financial difficulty! The Company can never have any financial difficulty; they have

always one certain resource open to them." "What is that?" asked my father eagerly. "Plonder China," was the characteristic reply.

28. Walked up Mont Cenis by glorious moonlight over the crisp snow.

29. At Turin. Saw for the first time, and dined with, Sir James Hudson.

30. Pultsky, the Hungarian politician and archaeologist, comes and sits long with me, pouring forth information with an astounding volubility.

December

1. Dined with Madame Persano, who is living with her sister, Madame Cigala. They were both English — daughters, I think, of a Mr. Bacon. Admiral Persano, who was later so terribly compromised, was at this time in great favour and prosperity, but he was absent from Turin.

2. Dined with Count Cavour, meeting his brother, the Marquis, M. de Remusat, and many others. The appearance of the great minister was as far as possible from being distinguished, and I was irresistibly reminded when I saw him of the description of the father of the

heroine in Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter." Speaking of Louis Napoleon, he said to me—"C'est un homme habile qui connait son peuple et son temps."

3. With Count Sclopis, the same who was afterwards one of the Geneva Arbitrators, to the Library, where I was introduced to Gorresio the Orientalist.

4. To see Brofferio, one of the prominent orators in the early days of Sardinian liberty. His time was going by, and he was already looking forward to the day when he might, as he expressed it, build his "castello delle ultime illusioni" on the Lago Maggiore.

5. To the salon of Madame Sclopis, and later to see Count Pollon, to whom I had been introduced by Circourt.

6. The weather, which had been horrid, cleared up, and I climbed to the Superga, the stateliest of Royal resting-places. In the evening to see Madame Pultsky, with whom Madlle. Kossuth is staying. I repeated to the latter Macaulay's epitaph on a Jacobite, with which she was naturally much touched :—

"To my true King I offered, free from stain,
Courage and faith—vain faith and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
And one dear hope that was more prized than they ;

For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
Heard in Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home, in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from that dream to weep,
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked—an early grave.
O thou whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee :
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust—a broken heart lies here."

8. Walk with Gallenga, and again much talk with him, as also with Count Pollon, and Pastor Meille, the Vaudois clergyman, who pooh-poohs the absurd exaggerations which are fashionable about Protestant movements in these countries.

9. Long conversation with Rattazzi and with Mamiani, the Minister of Public Instruction. Pultsky dines with me, and immediately afterwards I started to find the Cenis in a very different mood from what it had been when I last passed it.

10. My two companions, M. Krause, a young

Prussian attaché, a M. Achard, a Frenchman from Naples, and I got into sledges at Molaret, and proceeded, the wind getting more violent as we rose higher. The Conducteur's place was taken by a superintendent of the road from Susa, who had come up on hearing of yesterday's avalanche. He was at first sanguine, but gradually thought worse of our prospects of getting on. At refuge No. 4 we were obliged to get out and wait for daylight. The wind was so violent that it was all I could do to avoid being blown over the precipice which lies just below No. 4. When it was fairly day, the cantonniers were sent out again, and after some time we proceeded. Near No. 5 we got into a most unpleasant predicament, the mule sinking in the snow, and the sledge being left close to the edge of the gulf. We quitted it and made our way, each supported by a cantonnier, to No. 5, and here another long delay occurred. After that the weather gradually moderated, and we reached the summit about 2, Lanslebourg about 3, St. Jean about 9—that is to say, about 11 hours after we were due.

12. At Geneva, where I made the acquaintance of Ernest Naville, the theologian, who afterwards took so active a part in advocating minority representation,

and of Charles Eynard, who, nephew of the M. Eynard who had been the representative of Geneva at the Congress of Vienna, had kept up many of the wide-reaching European relations which his uncle had made, and had been, through the good offices of a common friend, very useful to me in Paris.

To-day I succeeded in getting a copy of *Obermann*, which was at this time out of print, and extremely difficult to procure.

13. At Berne, where M. Dapples, President of the Conseil National, comes to see me, and where I in vain try to find Karl Vogt, for whom some one—I think Moritz Hartmann—had given me a letter.

15. At Kilchberg, on the edge of the Lake of Zürich, where my sister is living, and take with her two pleasant walks towards the chain of the Albis.

17. Long talk in Paris with Prévost Paradol. He said, amongst other things, "Well, France seems to me between two great fortunes; either we shall have peace and improved government at home, or we shall have war and the Rhine." "Improved government at home," I said, "by all means, but what do you want with the Rhine?" "Oh," he rejoined, "our present frontier is a very bad one." "We in England," said

I, "are not accustomed to think very highly of the advantages of a river frontier." "I daresay not," he said, "for God has given you the best of all frontiers, the sea; but if France had the Rhine, even without the fortresses on its banks, Europe united could not get across it."

To see Jules Simon, who spoke much of the skill with which the Emperor had contrived to stop all avenues for the expression of opinion hostile to his Government, and said that many of the so-called Liberal newspapers were really owned by Bonapartists, and worked for Bonapartist ends. It was to-day, too, that he made me smile by speaking of Cobden as a "charmant garçon."

1861

January

At Torquay, chiefly occupied with reading and writing on Italy.

28. To Brixham, to see, with Daubeny, Pengelly, etc., the cavern discovered there some three years ago.

The following notes contain the substance of what these high authorities had to say about it :—

This cavern was found by workmen who were engaged in a quarry just over it. One of them left a crowbar near a small hole in the rock, and some idle passer-by pushed it into the hole. The workmen believed it to be stolen till, shortly afterwards, a large hole was opened in the course of their ordinary operations and the crowbar was found. The cavern was filled with a stalagmitic deposit, with bones, earth, and gravel. There is no evidence that it was ever

inhabited. On the contrary, it seems certain that all its heterogeneous contents were brought into it by a stream or streams of water which had evidently at one time taken their course through it. About fifteen flint implements have been found embedded in the rubbish, along with the bones of the rhinoceros, bear, and reindeer. No stream can have flowed through this cavern since the country had its present configuration. Not only, therefore, does it appear that man inhabited these islands along with the animals above mentioned, but that he was here before the last great change in the levels of land and water. The cavern is 96 feet above the present sea-line.

February

2. Came back from Babbacombe to Torquay by boat. A most marvellously beautiful day. I never saw anything in Great Britain at this season at all equal to it. The walk from Torquay to Babbacombe is almost worthy to form part of the Riviera di Levante. I have always fancied that at some point of it Hurrell Froude, whose family were settled at Torquay, must have written the lines in the *Lyra Apostolica*, entitled "Old Self and New Self."

NEW SELF

"Why sitt'st thou on that sea-girt rock
With downward look and sadly dreaming eye?
Play'st thou beneath with Proteus' flock,
Or with the far-bound sea-bird wouldst thou fly?

OLD SELF

I sit upon this sea-girt rock
With downward look and dreaming eye;
But neither do I sport with Proteus' flock
Nor with the far-bound sea-bird would I fly.
I list the splash so clear and chill
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar:
I watch the waves that rippling still
Chase one another o'er the marble shore.

NEW SELF

Yet from the splash of yonder oar
No dreamy sound of sadness comes to me:
And yon fresh waves that beat the shore
How merrily they splash, how merrily!

OLD SELF

I mourn for the delicious days,
When those calm sounds fell on my childish ear,
A stranger yet to the wild ways
Of triumph and remorse, of hope and fear.

NEW SELF

Mourn'st thou, poor soul, and wouldst thou yet
Call back the things which shall not, cannot be?
Heaven must be won, not dreamed; thy task is set;
Peace was not made for earth, nor rest for thee."

4. Up from Torquay and established ourselves at the house we have just bought, 4 Queen's Gate Gardens, South Kensington. At this time there were only, I think, three other houses occupied in Queen's Gate Gardens—No. 1, by Mr. Fergus, M.P. for Fifeshire; No. 2, by Mr. Whitbread, M.P. for Bedford; and No. 5, by Mr. Thring.[1] All the space to the west, which is now covered with houses, was open country, and my usual direction to a cabman, when coming back from the House of Commons, was: "Drive along the Cromwell Road till you come to a hedge, and then turn to the right." An orchard, which covered the ground where Cornwall Gardens now stand, was a great ornament to the neighbourhood a little later in the spring. It was cut down at Easter, 1862.

March

7. Great speech of Gladstone's upon Italy, which

[1] Now Lord Thring.

1925. Hon Mrs Katharine Thring.
1937 " " "

seemed to me at the time the best I had ever heard from him, except his Budget statement of 1860.

8. Seconded Milnes, who moved, by arrangement with the Government, for a Committee on the Diplomatic Service.

21. Diplomatic Committee meets for the first time.

22. Talk with Herzen at Schlesinger's. He is in great spirits about the news from Russia. Amongst other things, he mentioned that the bribe which he paid for the *Memoirs of the Empress Catherine*, of the authenticity of which he is thoroughly persuaded, was only two hundred pounds.

April

8. Met, at Henry Murray's rooms in the Albany, Mansfield Parkyns, the Abyssinian traveller.

9. Gave notice of my motion for a Royal Commission on the Public Schools.

10. In the evening I went to a large party which was given by Herzen, who was then living at Orsett House, Westbourne Terrace, to celebrate the emancipation of the Serfs. The news of the collision between the troops and the people in Warsaw had, however, sadly damped the spirits of our host. It was on this

occasion that I met Mazzini for the first time. He looked very old, and his beard was getting extremely grey. He said he expected war this year in Italy; thought, and was "almost sure," that there was an alliance between France and Russia, based on agreement about the Oriental question; that it had been long intended; that Louis Napoleon made it a ground of favour with Russia that he had prevented the English, when their blood was up, going on with the war, etc.

May

20. Met Lacaita at Cartwright's. He shows us *Il Sagro Arsenale*, a book on the procedure of the Inquisition, published by authority, and this edition in 1705. It proves that Galileo was tortured—a fact which the *neri* have given themselves of late some trouble to contradict. They have printed the trial of Galileo, leaving out all mention of the fact, but unluckily they have also printed the concluding address to the prisoner, in which it is recounted that the Inquisition had proceeded to the "rigoroso esame," which throughout the *Sagro Arsenale* is the phrase for the torture.

26. Introduced by Milnes at the Cosmopolitan to the Duc d'Aumale, who has just been elected an honorary member. There were present, to-night, of members and strangers, amongst others the following: -Rémusat, Gibbs, Vaughan Johnson, Higgins (better known as Jacob Omnium), Coningham, M.P. for Brighton, Hughes, Stephen, Charles Bowen (who was my guest), Egerton, Trollope the novelist, T. Bruce, Arthur Russell, Chichester Fortescue, Lord de Grey, Dr. Kingsley, Henry Murray, Cartwright, Eber, Carl Haag, etc.

29. Dined at the Mitchells', 6 Stanhope Street, Mayfair, where introduced to Buckle, who told me amongst other things that he had never been within the walls of the House of Commons—a strange confession to be made by a historian who lived in London. His conversational opinions about men and things did not increase my appreciation of the value of his historical judgments.

All through this spring I was much occupied in urging the expediency of a Royal Commission to inquire into the Public Schools, circulating a paper of reasons in favour of it to all members of the House of Commons, and communicating with Northcote, the

two Russells, the Head Masters of Harrow and Rugby, etc., besides Gladstone and Sir George Lewis, who were the members of the Government who took most interest in the matter. After much negotiation all ended amicably, and the Commission was issued. It was in connection with this matter that I went with William Spottiswoode one day to see Mr. Halford Vaughan, who was then living at Hampstead. He showed us, I recollect, a copy of Euripides, which had belonged to Milton, with manuscript notes in the poet's own hand.

June

2. Mr. Strachey, a young diplomatist, who dined with me to-day, told me a good saying of the Queen of Holland's about an Austrian attaché—"Il a l'air d'un coiffeur et l'aplomb d'un dentiste."

6. Thomson Hankey comes into the Diplomatic Committee Room a little after one o'clock, and tells me that Cavour died this morning at 7.

13. Dined with Lord Denbigh, meeting amongst others Kmety, the Hungarian, who was with Bem when he died, and was, later, one of the ablest of the defenders of Kars.

23. The old Lord Chancellor—Lord Campbell—died this morning.

On Thursday I saw him in Vaughan Johnson's rooms just going off to see Blondin.

27. Arthur is christened to-day. After the ceremony, which took place at home, we had a very gay little dinner, at which his godfather Arthur Russell, Morier, Prince Frederick, Mr. J. R. Byrne, who officiated at the christening, and my mother made the party.

July

6. Met Crabbe Robinson at the Wilsons' and Bagehots', who were then living together. It was with reference to his first brief that Charles Lamb quoted the line—"Thou great first cause least understood"; and he was well acquainted with Goethe. He told me of a conversation with the Grand Duchess Louisa of Weimar, in which she mentioned that Napoleon had said to her—"If your friends go on as they are doing, they will force me to declare myself Emperor of the West."

7. We went down this afternoon with Arthur Russell to Pembroke Lodge, where we found Mr. G.

Elliot, Julian Fane, Lord Dufferin, and others. In the afternoon we walked in the park, and Lady John Russell showed me a tree under which many years ago when Pembroke Lodge was in the occupation, I think, of the Errolls—she and her husband had sat and said to each other, "Now, that is exactly the sort of place which it would be delightful to have." The tree has ever since been known in the family as "The Wishing Tree."

21. Met, at the Pollocks', Professor Tyndall. He told me that he had gone to the top of Monte Rosa without a guide, and believed himself to have been within a thousand feet of the top of the Matterhorn last year.

22. The Diplomatic Committee considers its report. Acton and I, the two youngest men on it, were the only two who voted for my amendment on Resolution No. 2 in favour of a very guarded system of competitive examination combined with selection.

I asked Disraeli why he opposed it. "Because," he said, "it would tend to weaken Government. People talk against Parliamentary patronage, but without it the whole thing would blow up. A man with £20,000 a year attaches the greatest possible im-

portance to giving away a place worth three pounds annually, and another spends ever so many thousands on a county election that he may appoint the local excisemen."

29. Introduced by Arthur Russell to his brother Odo, and long walk with them in the Park.

After spending a day or two with George Boyle, who has now married, and is living at Soho House, Handsworth, near Birmingham, we went northward, and leaving the railway at Beattock, followed the Moffat Water, down a long green valley. Observed Mr. Proudfoot's house, Craigieburn, half hid in plantations, and celebrated by Burns. Walked up a short ascent to look at The Grey Mare's Tail—full from last night's rains, and in its present state a really fine fall of 200 feet. Over the water-parting and down to the Loch of the Lowes, passing Chapelhope. In the hills above, Renwick preached his last sermon. A solemn, sombre country—all now under sheep.

Somewhat later I spoke of it to Carlyle. He said—"Yes; I remember walking in it for a whole day, and being on the verge of crying at every step."

To Tibby Shiels' Inn and Hogg's Monument. Drive on along St. Mary's Loch, past Benger Knowe,

and descend the Yarrow. At length we came on arable land. Beyond Yarrow Ford the river is narrow and rapid, flowing between richly-wooded banks—Bowhill and Newark Tower on the right. So on past Philiphaugh, where Montrose was defeated. At last Selkirk, whence we go by train to Edinburgh, seeing Abbotsford on the right across the Tweed.

August

7. Attempted a botanical expedition up the far-famed Glen of the Dole in Clova, but the furious rain made it wholly fruitless.

September

18. Delivered my annual speech at Elgin.

October

24. Slept at Rothiemay in Queen Mary's Room.

November

1. Leave Eden for the south, staying some days at Smithills—a curious old house near Bolton-le-Moors, belonging to an uncle of my wife's, where we met amongst others Alderman Shuttleworth, who had

been one of the most active people in Lancashire during the struggle which preceded the Reform Bill.

15. From Folkestone to Paris, where to the Hôtel de Douvres, which has now ceased to exist. Opposite "is an enormous building, which has arisen since I was here; it is intended for a hotel." This was the now well-known Grand Hotel. Site of the new Opera House, with Montmartre showing above it.

16. To see Jules Simon, who was full of the success of his *Ouvrière*. He had collected about £9000 after a lecture at St. Quentin for founding a Cité Ouvrière. We talked of the letter from the Emperor to M. Fould, which appeared in yesterday's papers, and the financial changes. He thought that they would have little real effect. In the Committees of the Constituante he had said, "Make, if you please, a King with 20 million francs per year, or make, if you please, a President with 200,000; don't make an anomaly—a President with 600,000." He was then only thirty-two, and his proposal was laughed down as *enfantillage*. Shortly it turned out that not only the 600,000 francs were spent, but 600,000 for stables, 600,000 for outfit, and 1,200,000 for Secret Service. Baroche, his cousin, the Finance Minister of the day, said, "It's all true.

Of course I am responsible. The money is spent. You may send me to prison." And so it may be again. How can the Government stop its expenses? The masons in Paris gain 7 francs a day. Printers gain only $3\frac{1}{2}$. From the Department of the Creuse alone there are 35,000 masons in Paris. In good times in their own department these men might gain 1 franc 10 centimes a day. Now they would gain only 60 centimes. What is to be done?

To see Prévost Paradol. We talked of the Duc d'Aumale's speech. I said—"We in England could not forgive Joinville for his foolish hostility to us." "Ah," he replied, "you will find a little of that at the bottom of every French heart." I answered—"But you will not find the corresponding feeling at the bottom of every English one." Whereupon he rejoined—"*Ah, Monsieur, vous n'êtes pas les derniers vaincus.*" I talked to him of the financial changes, which he thought on the whole good, and a step in advance.

To see Szarvady, and talk of the state of Hungary. He said that arms were concealed, but that there would be no rising till the whole twelve million were frantic.

To see Gigot, whose opinions on the subjects of

the day always seem to me sensible. He thought well of the financial changes.

17. We arrived at the Hôtel des Bergues in Geneva with, and afterwards met at table d'hôte, two people — the one a common little Swiss, and the other his wife, who was, as far as I can learn, only a *bourgeoise* of Thun, but looked like a goddess of the Venus de' Medici type.

19. With Hartmann to see James Fazy.[1] He lives in a quatrième, but the rooms are very prettily furnished, and the value of the pictures on the walls must be considerable. I observed two Cranachs—the portrait of his daughter and the portrait of Frederick the Wise, a Hondekoeter, a Teniers, an Ostade, a Greuze, a Watteau, a Backhuysen, and many others. At the end of the principal room there was a bust of Fazy himself, decidedly like him. We talked much of the Swiss Constitution, and of the public men of Switzerland. The conversation then passed to America. He did not fear a dictatorship in the United States; thought that if Lincoln had been a military man something of the sort might have had to be feared, but he was a civilian. The American

[1] The Artevelde of the hour.

Consul here had recently mentioned that, when he left America, Lincoln had told him that he really didn't know where his armies were. "Just," said Fazy, "as in our Sonderbund war, two battalions were lost for six weeks. So much for military operations carried on by Federal Republics!" He thought the war would do good. America had been too pacific. In this world people must know "se battre."

We talked of the Valley of Dappes, about which there was at this time some dispute between France and Switzerland. He said it was only important as a part of the question of French encroachments. The object of Louis Napoleon was to drive Switzerland into a separate treaty with France, so that he might say to the Powers that the whole contention between him and her was arranged.

In the afternoon, Charles Eynard took us to dine with the De la Rives at Pressinges. As we drove thither we had a peep of the top of Mont Blanc over the mist. De la Rive told me a good saying of Lamartine's: "Si j'étais roi, je vendrais toute ma bibliothèque et j'acheterais Circourt." De la Rive had been most intimate with Cavour, who set out from

hence for Plombières and came hither after Villafranca. De la Rive was standing one day in front of his house, when he saw a man coming towards him in his shirt-sleeves, and with his coat slung over his arm. It was the great Italian statesman, who, wild with disappointment, had rushed over the Simplon, and come to take refuge in the place where he had been formed by his contact with Sismondi and others of the same stamp. I remember hearing Madame de Circourt, who knew him well, cut short a discussion about him by the words "Enfin c'est un Genevois." De la Rive spoke of Cavour's great success in England, where, however, as he told me himself, he had only been thrice—twice for six weeks, and once for a much shorter time. De la Rive put Ricasoli "comme caractère" above Cavour, who thought, he said, that "la politique" justified everything.

20. To-day Charles Eynard came and took us to the Beaux Arts, where a striking head by Eynard himself of Ravignan, that remarkable man who fascinated so many widely-different persons, and of whom Lord Coleridge said to me the first time I ever saw him, that he had opened to him a new chapter in the human mind.

We were shown to-night at the Ernest Navilles' a drawing of Brolio, done by Ricasoli when he was here. Brolio was given to his ancestor by Barbarossa about 1175.

25. To see Mr. Haldimand, whose beautiful grounds adjoin the Beau Rivage, where we are living, and who, having left England, on account of some disgust, many years ago, has made himself very much beloved in his new home.

26. See at Neufchâtel in the English papers the annoucement of Clough's death.

27. Mr. Fornerod, the Finance Minister, takes me over the Federal Building at Berne, showing me the rooms where the Conseil National, the Conseil des États, and the Conseil Fedéral meet, and giving me a great deal of information.

December

1. At Zürich. To see Cherbuliez, Professor of Political Economy, who, speaking of co-operation, called it "the solution of the great problem." Later I called on Mr. George de Wyss, for whom I had a letter from Ernest Naville, and had a long con-

versation with him about Swiss politics. I asked him, amongst other things, whether universal suffrage enabled the lower classes to tax the rich unjustly. He answered that in most Cantons the Government was after all aristocratic, even in the so-called democratic Cantons, Uri, Unterwalden, and Appenzell, where the whole body of the citizens passed the laws. This, be it remembered, was before the recent changes made in the later sixties in the constitution of Zürich and other Cantons.

3. Dined at the Drei Mohren in Augsburg, the most historical of hotels, and at this time in very intelligent hands.

5. At Munich. Long conversations with Bodenstedt and the editor of the *Süd-Deutsche Zeitung*, about Bavarian politics and persons. They said, *inter alia*, that the population here was much more in favour of the clergy than in Vienna—as much as in Cologne. In 1859 Bavaria was more Austrian than Austria.

6. To see "The Sleeping Faun"—certainly one of the most beautiful things which antiquity has bequeathed to us. Baron von Lützow, who is editing a work on the Munich antiquities, and whom I met

to-day, put the second Elgin Room above all the other remaining products of Classical Art. The Venus de' Medici he dates about B.C. 100. The Apollo Belvedere he declares to be undoubtedly Roman. It is, he says, of Carrara marble, and the Carrara quarries were opened under Augustus. The Theatre here is charming, and you pay for the best places 1 florin 12 kreuzers.

11. At Coburg. Dined with Baron de Loewenfels, who tells me a great deal about the Forest service in which he had spent a good deal of his life. Mr. Barnard, our Minister, takes us in the morning to see the fortress which overhangs the town. The building in the centre of it is very beautiful, like many of the old houses in Lancashire and Cheshire, in fact a two-storied Smithills.

12. Dined with the Barnards, meeting, amongst others, Mr. Franck, the minister for Coburg.

13. Went through the ceremonies which the etiquette of these small Courts requires before a formal presentation—making nine calls.

14. We were dressing for the Court Ball this evening, when a messenger came from the Duke, to say that a telegram had arrived from London giving

such bad accounts of his brother that it could not take place.

15. On getting up this morning hear of the death of the Prince Consort.

16. A very long conversation at Gotha with Dr. Karl Schwarz, whose masterly *Geschichte der neuesten Theologie* I had been lately reading and re-reading, and who filled up a great many gaps in my information about the state of religious opinion in Germany.

17. To see Freytag at Leipsic. Speaking of the Prussian elections, he said about thirty of the number elected were "feudal." The contest had been between the intelligence of the nation and the old Hohenzollern traditions. After the Thirty Years' War, Prussia was almost a desert. The Hohenzollern made the one and a half million into a kingdom--all artificial. The thoroughly demoralised "Adel" were turned into the officers of the Army. Privileges in the army still continued, though not in name. The feeling towards the people was better than in 1854, but not right yet. I asked how men's ways of thinking were so changed since 1848. Up to that time, he said, the press was enslaved, and the country was to a great extent de-

pendent on France for its literature. Every circulating library was full of Socialist books. Hence the first movement took that direction, but free discussion changed all in a year. In 1848 the King of Prussia was insulted in his own capital. In 1849 he was offered the Emperorship of Germany.

Freytag gave me much advice, on which I afterwards acted, as to people whom I ought to see at Berlin and elsewhere. I had likewise at Leipsic interesting conversations with our Consul, Mr. Crowe, and with the great publisher Mr. E. Brockhaus.

Reached Dresden this evening on a visit to my mother, who had taken from Mr. Charles Murray, our minister, a portion of his house in the Prager Strasse, my brother being at this time one of Mr. Murray's attachés.

18. To see Mrs. Pringle and her husband—a rich planter from the South. She is an extremely clever woman, and bitterly hostile to the North. She mentioned that twenty-one years ago, when she went from the north, as a bride, to Carolina, she heard her husband's uncle, Colonel Pinckney, say — "I had rather be a Colony of England than live in this

detested Union." Her hopes, poor woman! were at this time high, and she thought that Slavery and Free Labour would halve the continent including California.

Call on the Chevalier Haymerle,[1] the Austrian Secretary of Legation, who had been much at Athens, and whose opinions about the Greeks, which I noted down at the time, have been quite confirmed by all I have learned since.

19. Talk with Mr. Stockton, the American Consul, about the Mason and Slidell affair, which is the great subject of conversation at this moment. He is bitterly hostile to the present Government, but is betting against a war with England.

21. Dine with Count Baudissin, who was concerned with Schlegel in translating Shakespeare.

24. Conversation with Hettner, chiefly about Moleschott, the materialist philosopher, with whom he had been very intimate at Heidelberg.

[1] Later Andrassy's successor.

1862

January

1. PRESENTED to the King of Saxony, the jurist and Dantista, who spoke with much regret of the death of the Prince Consort, at a reception in the Palace. They still keep up the curious old ceremony of sitting down to play cards, while those who are not playing with the Royal Personages walk round the card room, stopping at each table till recognised, and then bowing. Talked with the Princess Royal, who was that Princess Wasa whom rumour destined for Louis Napoleon. Amongst others there was present, resplendent in emeralds and diamonds, the old Princess Augusta, who was thought likely to be the bride, at one time, of Francis of Austria, and at another of the first Napoleon.

4. See Emile Devrient in Gutzkow's fine play *Uriel Acosta*.

7. To call on Schnorr, who showed us his picture of Luther before the Diet of Worms, at which he was working for the Maximilianeum in Munich.

11. At Berlin, where to see Stahr and Fanny Lewald, with both of whom had much conversation, especially about Italy. Later to Auerbach, who, speaking of the character of the king, said, "When he wishes you good evening, he wishes you may have a good evening." At night Duncker took me to a club, where he introduced me to Twesten, Virchow, and others.

12. Went this morning to see Mommsen. He inclined to put Thirlwall above Grote, who had something *Hausbacken* about his style, and sank at times into "Geschwätz." When I mentioned Cornewall Lewis he said—"Ach nun ich bitte Sie," he really might as well have cited Livius and Dionysius to appear in the Police Court. The thing is so clear that it was not worth proving. What is worth showing now is, not that Rome had not her seven Kings, but how the Romans came to think she had. In Berlin they had one or two fossil individuals who still held the old views of Roman history. People who are enthusiastic for Manteuffel would naturally believe in King Numa.

I asked him who would be the ecclesiastical allies of the Fortschritt party. He said the section of the *Protestantische Kirchen-Zeitung*; that he saw no prospect of their getting beyond that in Prussia, and thought that his friends would have to build up a church, though they never entered it. He spoke very strongly of the immense importance of the present crisis in Germany. This, be it remembered, was the time when the King and the Second Chamber were fighting. If they failed now, all would go to ruin. They might work at Sanskrit and grind away at Latin and Greek philosophy, but they had staked their whole national welfare on this political cast.

Amongst other people whom I saw on this visit to Berlin were the two Liberal ecclesiastics, Sydow and Krause, Julian Schmidt and Geffcken. At the house of the last mentioned I met for the first time Bernhardy, who married a daughter of Admiral Krusenstern, and afterwards came to London in the interest of the Duke of Augustenburg.

In the course of conversation to-day I reminded Ranke of what he had said to me in 1854, about the danger of our crushing an infant civilisation in Russia. He held to his opinion and maintained that no one

had gained by the Crimean war except Louis Napoleon. He admitted, however, that Russia was much less "drückend" than she had been.

13. Conversation with the theologian C. H. Weisse, at Stötteritz, a village near Leipsic, about Jowett's writings, etc. etc. He admired especially his character of St. Paul, and amused me much by saying that he had read Harrison's article on "The Essays and Reviews," he thought that the author showed very considerable *theological* power, which study and practice might develop. Returned to Dresden, and dined with Mr. Charles Murray, meeting the French Minister, Forth Rouen, and Beust, who was at this time Prime Minister. It was his birthday, and he had in his pocket a congratulatory letter from his son, written in Latin, which he read to us.

20. Left Dresden and went to Leipsic, where I saw Freytag, etc., passing thence to Weimar, where we were detained for a fortnight by my wife's illness. During this time I saw a great deal of Mr. Schöll, the Duke's librarian, a Hellenist of high reputation, who gave me a great deal of information, especially about the state of scholarship in Germany. Among other things he said that the clergy were generally

Liberal, the disposition of the Thuringian leading him in that direction, but the *bourgeoisie* were too easily satisfied, thinking they became intellectual people as soon as they had abandoned untenable opinions. I saw also something of Dingelstedt, the Director of the Court Theatre, and of Dittenberger, whom I found established in the room where Herder used to work, and who told me that, since Herder's reign, the Liberal party had had it all its own way in church matters in the Grand Duchy. Out of 300 clergy only 12 were anti-Liberal, and these 12 were allowed complete liberty.

25. To-day I went over to Jena, where I saw the theologians Hilgenfeld and Hase.

28. To Gotha to dine with the Duke, returning to Weimar at night. He talked very much to me about his brother, who, he said, had killed himself by hard work; adding that, from the time he went to England, he never knew what it was to have a "joyous day." He spoke much too, and no wonder, about the ignorance of our statesmen with regard to German matters. I met at the Duke's, Gerstaecker the traveller, whose short account of Quito amused me. I asked him if it was not beautiful. "Es ist

ein garstiges Nest," was his reply. I also saw at Gotha Carl Schwarz with his bright little wife, and had a great deal of political talk with Samwer, who spoke as strongly as the Duke about the ignorance of our statesmen with regard to Germany.

30. In the evening to the Weimar Theatre, where saw *The Taming of the Shrew*. The building is very small, and there are no boxes, only two open galleries.

31. To a ball at the Palace, where introduced to the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess; introduced also to Madame von Riedesel, whose husband is a grandson of the Riedesel who travelled in Sicily, and to M. von Goethe, a grandson of the poet's.

Talked long on politics with the Prime Minister, M. de Watzdorf, who spoke very highly of the tone of political parties here, and pointing to a strong Conservative said—"There, for instance, is a man who lives on the best of terms with his opponents."

February

1. Made a geological excursion with Major von Seebach, a kindly old man who was first introduced to geology by getting from Goethe a small collection

of eighty-six specimens named. He had often sat on Wieland's knee, had known Frau von Stein, and used, when in the Pagenhaus, almost always to dine with Goethe on Sundays. When Goethe was invited to the Palace on a Sunday, he used to give him a box of dried fruits as a consolation.

2. Talked to Gutzkow about the Queen of Prussia, who, he says, is very like her brother the Grand Duke, in her style of mind and education.

Gutzkow has a very bad opinion of the present generation of students, and says that they are essentially *Philisterhaft*, and that the taste for material enjoyment is spreading all through Germany. Persiflage and the cigar—these are the principal things.

4. To-day we left Weimar, where I used our enforced delay to visit as many of the places and things connected with the great days of its history, as possible.

5. To the Wartburg, where saw the room, lighted by two small windows, where St. Elizabeth lived, and the corridor with her good deeds and death painted in fresco. Saw also the Ritterhaus which Luther inhabited.

6. To see at Frankfort R. von Mohl and Usedom,

the only men of much ability at this time in the Diet. The former gave me an account of the way in which business is carried on at their meetings. All that the latter said about politics seemed to me very much to the purpose. It is impossible, he remarked, for Englishmen to follow the details of German politics, but they should steadily keep in view that, although Prussia drove sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left; did not know her own mind and was very provoking; after all, the 23 millions of Protestant Germany were behind her, and that *there* was the real future of Liberal opinion in Central Europe. Englishmen kept saying, "For God's sake stick to Austria; keep together"—but that was as much as telling a man, "Don't leave your friend, although he is dead; stick to him and be buried together."

At dinner we talked of Mommsen, who calls Tacitus "a disappointed courtier." Usedom, who always has Tacitus by his bedside, said—"If there were many such courtiers, I should take care to frequent courts."

7. Call at Heidelberg on Rothe, the theologian, of whom, though a Protestant, Acton thinks so highly.

I asked him what "Richtung" he thought would ultimately prevail, and whether it would be that of the *Protestantische Kirchen-Zeitung*. "No," he said, "that is too exclusively *Schleiermacherisch*. It is impossible to answer the question, for it may well take two generations of men to give the religion of Protestant Germany its ultimate form."

To see Schenckel, with whom much talk about the relations between Protestants and Catholics in Baden. Then to Madame Helmholtz, whom we used to know in Paris as Miss Anna von Mohl, and who is the daughter of the great jurist Mohl whom I visited yesterday. She says that everybody in Heidelberg is either lecturing or being lectured, and praised Häusser as the most amusing man in Germany.

To see Hitzig, with whom I talked much about Renan. He thought most of his *Histoire des langues Sémitiques*, less of his *Job* and *Song of Songs*. "Job ought either to be attacked with youthful fervour, or left to the last when the mantle is about to be laid aside." Mommsen had also spoken to me very highly of the *Langues Sémitiques*, and called Renan a "true savant in spite of his beautiful style."

I talked with Hitzig also about Salvador's curious

book, which he said was a good one for Roman Catholics, giving them a little free air in a way they could take it.

8. At Carlsruhe to see Madame Flemming, who was a daughter of Bettina von Arnim, and a very bright, lively person. Later much political talk with Roggenbach.

9. To see Reuss, the theologian, at Strasburg, who showed me his curious library of editions of the Greek Testament, about 1000 volumes.

Later I went to hear Colani preach on the parable of "The Tares and the Wheat." He alluded to the attempts to get rid of him, and showed that the church was meant to be a field, not a garden. You will never, he said, succeed in making it "ce ridicule point de terre que vous rêvez."

10. Reached Paris from Nancy.

11. To call on Renan, who is now living at No. 55 Rue de Madame. He had not quite shaken off his Syrian fever, and talked of the death of his sister. He told me that he was going to write *Les origines du Christianisme*, and that he had written the first volume, on the life of Christ. He spoke much too of his explorations at a point to the north of Tripoli,

where are the remains of a Phenician city, "which must have been as like old Jerusalem as one drop of water to another."

Later to see Villemain, the Circourts, etc., returning to London in time to vote on February 14th, in the first division of the session. I have been this winter, for more than two months, steeped to the eyes in German politics—lay and ecclesiastical.

22. Breakfasted with Lacaita, who is full of interesting details about the present state of parties at Turin.

Went later to hear Stephen in the *Essays and Reviews* Case, and dined with Sir Harry Verney, where met old Lord Monteagle, who told me that Canning's celebrated "I called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old" was as nearly as possible a *fiasco*. A titter was just beginning when a cheer burst forth and drowned it.

March

4. Began a long series of Senior's Manuscript Journals.

13. Long talk with Acton about Germany.

25. Introduced at the Athenaeum by Hayward to Bulwer Lytton, and very curious conversation. He talked of Foster, the Medium, in whom he seems to believe. He thinks that his feats are not juggling, but that his brain has some power of putting itself *en rapport* with other brains. The markings on the arm he compared to the Middle Age *Stigmata* received by Saints, and *Sigillationes* received by sinners. He had thought of his old housekeeper, Sophy Tate, and Foster had guessed her name. We talked of Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, and Hayward remarked that no man wrote so above himself as Stanhope. Lytton said "No man writes above himself, but most men are very unequal. Campbell the poet, for instance, always struck me as very tiresome, till one night when he met me at the door of this Club, and asked me to go home and sup. I had only just dined, and at first refused, but seeing that he was hurt, I agreed to go. We were *tête-à-tête*, and from ten to half-past one he poured out a stream of conversation of the most surpassingly brilliant kind."

28. Met Browning for the first time at Reeve's.

April

3. Dined with Thring at the Political Economy Club. There were present about twenty-one, including strangers, amongst them H. Merivale, Lord Overstone, Sir Rowland Hill, Mr. M. D. Hill, Mr. Newmarch, Mr. Norman, etc. etc. The discussion was about the poll-tax on the Chinese immigrants into Australia.

4. Met, at the Thrings', Sir G. Rose, the great punster, the same who, on turning round and seeing some one imitating his gait, said—"You have the stalk without the rose"; and who on being asked the Latin for a hearse, said—"Mors omnibus."

6. Met at one of Milnes's breakfasts the eminent Irish lawyer, Abraham Brewster, who was full of good stories about the duelling times in Dublin.

15. From Boulogne to Amiens. Hayward travelled with us and talked much of Sydney Smith, whose conversation he, unlike Mr. Elphinstone, thought much superior to Luttrell's. Luttrell's art consisted chiefly in the neatness of the allusions to passing events, which he threw in from time to time.

We spoke of Senior. He has, said Hayward, infinite *aplomb*. On one occasion when Moore was singing at Bowood, the poet was annoyed by the scratching of the pen with which Senior was writing, and stopped. "Pray go on," said Senior, "you don't interrupt me."

Hayward had met Radowitz in London, and said that his conversation was very good, as good as Macaulay's with more fineness of feeling. Macaulay did not take to Radowitz, and talked English across him to Lord Stanhope when they met at dinner.

I met Nigra to-night at Circourt's. He took me aside and talked of the Italian discussion in the House, the other night, which had put him in excellent spirits. He suggested, as a possible solution of the Venetian difficulty, the retention by Austria of Verona and Legnano, and the cession of Venice, Mantua, and Peschiera.

Amongst other people there to-night were Madame de Colonna, the sculptress, who is like Paris Bordone's great portrait at Munich.

16. Long talk with Ollivier in his cabinet 29 Rue St. Guillaume, a tiny room looking out into a beautiful old garden with tall poplars and luxuriant

lilacs. The opposition still consists only of Henon, a botanist from Lyons, Darimon, Picard, "Jules Favre an *esprit faux*," and himself.

He said that he quite understood the Emperor's hesitation in the Italian question, that he stood between the Liberals and anti-Liberals, threatening each with each, whereas if he left Rome he would surrender his liberty to liberty. Ollivier had talked recently with Prince Napoleon about the state of politics, and had found he agreed with him. He had, however, said to the Prince, "We cannot possibly rally round the Empire, unless we have not only promises but performance."

Renan amused me much to-day by a story of the horror of Buloz, the Editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, when he read the Book of Kings for the first time about the age of fifty.

Renan spoke very sadly of the *fond* of superstition in the French mind. In Paris even there is much amongst the *bourgeoisie*, partly, no doubt, to show its opposition to the higher classes. The populace, on the other hand, is quite without religion.

18. Spent the evening at St. Marguerite near Marseilles with Mr. Philip Taylor, by whom, or by

some member of whose family, the much-talked-of Gloire was built. He says that the irrigation from the Durance, which extends over 170,000 acres, has quite changed the character of the neighbourhood. A field, which, when he bought it, produced hardly a blade of grass, produced last year 70 tons of hay.

He contrasted the society of Marseilles unfavourably with that of Liverpool, but he knew Liverpool in the days of Roscoe. At Marseilles, he says, money is chiefly spent on eating and dressing. There is a good deal of beauty—chiefly amongst the Greek women.

19. Reached Hyères. Exquisite view over the orange-covered plain from the terrace in front of the Isles d'Or, in the soft spring evening.

21. A botanical walk of five hours with M. Matignon, an old French gentleman, to whom I brought a letter from Michelet. The vegetation at this season is perfectly enchanting. I have found, to-day and yesterday, about 100 plants which I never saw before. Amongst them are three different species of Cistus, the *Salvifolius* with large white flowers on long stalks, the *Monspeliensis*, a very viscous plant with small white flowers, and the *Albidus*, so called

from its leaf, for the flower is of a beautiful rose colour.

From Hyères we travelled by vetturino to Vidauban and Cannes, which it took us two days to reach, for the railway was not yet made ; visiting the amphitheatre of Fréjus, and seeing the port of St. Raphael where Napoleon landed from Egypt.

The Pass of the Esterels is fine, but the flowers, of which I had heard much, disappointed me. Probably most English people pass this way when the arbutus and the tree-heath are in blossom. Besides they do not know the flora of the Provençal woods at all, but see it here for the first time.

As we came down on Cannes, we saw the *Genista spinosa*, which here replaces the furze of northern lands, in great splendour, and passed the finest cork woods I have yet seen.

26. A long and pleasant day in the islands St. Honorat and Ste. Marguerite. The second is the larger of the two, and well wooded. Beneath the pines there is a beautiful undergrowth of myrtle, *Asparagus acutifolius*, ivy, the tall *Ferula communis*, the great purple orchid *Limodorum abortivum*, with the rose-coloured and Montpellier cistus.

27. Went to call on Lord Brougham, for whom I had brought a letter from Reeve. He took me first to his room, and thence to a point on the rising ground, behind his house, which commands the whole bay. He described his first coming here in December 1834, and spoke of the changes he had seen in the place. He says that in the interior the mean summer heat is equal to that of Barbadoes. Amongst other people he had known at Cannes, he spoke of Tocqueville, who died here, and of Bunsen, to whom the climate did good.

28. Botanical walk with Dr. Battersby, finding *Lithospermum purpurocoeruleum*, *Aphyllanthes Monspeliensis*, etc.

29. Dined with Lord Brougham, who looked very old and ill. Mrs. Brougham told me that the order of the flower harvest is, from November to the end of the year, the so-called Mimosa (*Acacia farnesiana*), then successively the winter orange-flower, rose, jessamine, and tuberose.

In the evening to Dr. Battersby's, where we met Bellenden Ker, the once-celebrated conveyancer. He told me that his father had been in the Lifeguards when Louis XVI. was beheaded. The officers were

ordered to put on mourning. He, Lord Sempill, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, refused to do so, and were immediately dismissed the service. Walking through Hammersmith just after this had happened, he saw in a window a green flower with a black heart, *Ixia viridis*. He was struck with its appearance, bought it, and devoted himself to plants for forty years.

May

1. We spent some time in the morning at the Château Eléonore, where my wife was photographed by the butler, under Lord Brougham's superintendence, but not very successfully.

The old man was very much excited about the account which Lord Stanhope gives of Pitt's death, and quite disbelieves it. He says that James Stanhope —"Jemmy from town,"—on whose authority it rests, was not a man on whom much reliance could be placed, that Lady Hester never mentioned it, and that Canning, Huskisson, and all Pitt's friends indignantly denied the truth of the story. According to Lord Brougham, Pitt was for some time before his death quite incoherent in his talk, repeating bits of speeches,

crying Hear, Hear, and so on, but saying nothing about his country.

Mr. Bellenden Ker was intimate, when a young man, with Sir Joseph Banks, of whom he gave a curious description. He spoke no foreign language, but received foreigners all day, his secretary, a Swede of the name of Dryander, interpreting for him.

Just before we embarked we met Mrs. Battersby, who was carrying some specimens of the beautiful rich yellow *Cytinus hypocistis*, parasitic on the cistus, and abundant in some spots near Cannes at this season.

From Cannes we sailed to Marseilles, and returned by Valence and Macon to Paris and London.

10. Senior breakfasted with us, and told, as a typical example of bathos, a story of an open-air preacher whom he had once heard, at Malvern, say, in a denunciation of Sabbath-breaking on Malvern Hill, "At the great day of judgment, when heaven and earth shall melt in devouring fire—what will become of the donkey boys of Malvern?"

The conversation turned upon Pitt's dying words, and I mentioned Lord Brougham's version of them. Senior said, "I know what Wilberforce's dying

words were." "What were they?" we eagerly asked. "'I think I would like some gravy out of that pie.'"

22. Dined with Bonamy Price, meeting Madame Blaze de Bury, and others. Roebuck, who was present, talked much of O'Connell, and said that he had heard his great speech on the Repeal of the Union, and had told him afterwards that he had meant both to speak and vote against him, but, after having listened to his speech, was unable to do so.

30. Introduced, at the Seniors', who are giving an extremely agreeable series of evenings, this summer, for the benefit chiefly of the foreigners who have come over to see the Great Exhibition, to Story the American sculptor, and to Mrs. Austin. The latter told a curious anecdote of driving in Paris with M. Anisson on the night of February the 22nd, 1848, when he put his head out of the window and said, "Il neige ; nous n'aurons pas la révolution."

31. Michel Chevalier and others dined with us. Amongst the party was the old Marquis de Cavour, whom I made drink whisky toddy after dinner.

June

1. Spent the afternoon at Professor Owen's cottage in Richmond Park, meeting, amongst others, Dickens, and the man who was destined to be his biographer, Mr. John Forster. I had never seen Dickens before, and thought his look singularly unprepossessing. The first unfavourable impression, however, very soon wore off, and I did not detect anything in his conversation that at all answered to his appearance. He talked to me as we walked round the garden, about Gore House and Count D'Orsay, of whom he spoke with great regard, of Holland House and a wonderful squabble which he had witnessed between Allen, Luttrell, Rogers, and Lady Holland—all in bad humour, and all contradicting each other. He said he had seen much of Louis Napoleon in those days, but never perceived anything remarkable in him, except once, when he thought he gave rather a clever description of being had up at Bow Street. Bulwer, however, had lately shown Dickens, in a book given to him by Louis Napoleon,[1] an entry of those times, in

[1] Many years later I had a curious confirmation of this. When I was tenant of Knebworth in 1877, M. de Stuers, a Dutch Diplomatist, found this book in the library and showed it to me.

which he predicts that the giver would one day be great in France—founding his prediction on Louis Napoleon's devotion to one idea, and his skill in masking that devotion.

6. Dined with the Seniors, meeting old Lord Lansdowne, Baron Triqueti the sculptor, and William Guizot.

13. A large party at the Seniors'—amongst others Cloquet the great surgeon, Grote, and Matthew Arnold.

23. Saw Prince Napoleon in the Diplomatic Gallery of the House of Commons, and was struck with his extraordinary likeness to his uncle.

25. Dined with the Wilsons and Bagehots, meeting Madame Mohl, Greg, and others. In the evening Matthew Arnold came, and we had a long talk about Obermann.

26. Breakfasted with the Seniors, and met, for the first time, Madame de Peyronnet and her two eldest daughters. M. de Peyronnet, whom I did not come to know till later, was the son of Polignac's colleague. It was of this family that Lamartine said, "C'est une étrange famille que les Peyronnets, il y a de l'esprit partout. Il va jusqu'au mari qui a de l'imprévu dans

la conversation." For some years from this time Madame de Peyronnet wrote at once for the best English and the best French periodicals ; for example, for the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Journal des Débats*. I am not aware of any other person having done the same.

July

2. To hear the Père Félix, who had at this time a considerable reputation, preach at Farm Street, but his sermon had very little merit.

3. Arthur Russell dined with us, and took me to Carlyle's, 5 Cheyne Row. We found Venables with four or five other men and one lady—Mrs. Carlyle is at Folkestone. It was a front room on the ground-floor, very poorly furnished, the chief feature being a long bookcase full of books, but without ornament of any kind, dusty and grimy-looking. Carlyle is taller than I expected, otherwise like his pictures, but wears a beard. He said he had not been to the Exhibition, and had no intention of going, expecting no interest, but the solemn and tragic one of going amongst all these thousands of people, wondering at the loss of enthusiasm and labour, and unable to guess what was

the good of it all. He had been to the Dog Show, having met the Bishop of Oxford and ridden with him. "For the first one hundred yards the Bishop had talked of the *Essays and Reviews* judgment, had said there would be an appeal, and that these gentlemen would have to leave their livings—then he told me that he was going to the Dog Show, and I thought I should never have such an opportunity again, so I went with him and we stayed some two hours. He is a delightful companion, a most active, ardent creature. I know nobody who would have succeeded better in whatever he was set to do."

Carlyle spoke of the *Essays and Reviews* Case, and said it was sad to see a great institution like the Church of England, to which he had never belonged, and to which he had many objections, but which he nevertheless thought the best thing of the kind in the world, falling to pieces in this manner, and going the way of all the earth. He had little good to say either of the Scotch Presbyterian or the Roman Catholic Church as represented by the Roman Court at present.

Venables explained the bearing of Lushington's judgment. The conversation turned, I forget how, to Robertson's account of Becket, and so to Thiers, of

whom C. spoke with much contempt, and said that he had been one of those who had most contributed to making the French think that they had only, in spite of the cause, however bad, to put a certain number of thousand scoundrels together, and at their head the most detestable child of Beelzebub whom they could find, and march them over Europe, to prevail everywhere, a theory which went to the root of all his ideas about things.

He said that shortly before the *coup d'état* he had lamented that there was not a strong angel of the Lord with a great sword reaching from one end of France to the other, to sweep it across, and to say to the endless talking—Peace.

He had been much struck with Prince Napoleon, who had visited him many years ago, and who was running about seeing all kinds of useful things, courts of Justice and what not, and by no means occupying himself, as he had been said to do, with frivolous matters.

6. Dined with Pender, meeting amongst others Philip the artist, known as Philip of Spain. Pender mentioned that of the two and a half millions of our exports to China, more than half were his.

8. At Dovedale and its neighbourhood—essentially *pretty* scenery, all except the walk under Ilam, which is *stately*.

10. This was the day of the skirmish in the House between Palmerston and Cobden, alluded to in my Elgin speech for this year.

11. Met, at the Pollocks', Mr. Lawrance, an artist of whom some people think very highly. Thackeray, for instance, once said to me that he was the only painter in London fit to paint any man with brains in his head.

13. Breakfasted with the Seniors, meeting Madame de Peyronnet, her two daughters, and the Archbishop of Dublin (Whately). He is shaking with palsy, but his mind seems clear enough. He repeated the charade, "Enfant de l'art, enfant de la nature," with a fairly good translation of it; said that the real tumbler was a glass so made that it could not be upset. He mentioned that there were savage tribes in which each individual bore the name of some word in the language, and that as it was unlucky to name any one who was dead, the word used for describing anything was always changed when the man who bore it died. Hence in a generation the language completely changed. He asked me,

Why are the Scotch like the savages of New Holland? —Because if you go amongst them they speir at you!

17. Montalembert came to see me, and we had a long talk, chiefly about the politics of the hour in France. He was much struck with the Imperialism of our Orators, Society, and Press, and with Palmerston's vigour. He regretted that Italy had so much divided Liberals, and spoke with great interest of his visit to Hungary, which he had found "so alive," and of his approaching journey to Scotland. We walked from 4 Queen's Gate Gardens to Shaftesbury House, in Kensington, where Kenelm Digby, who wrote the *Broadstone of Honour*, was then living. We parted at the door, and I never saw him again.

18. Breakfasted with Lacaita, where Acton, Arthur Russell, and others, came to meet Lord Vernon the Dantista. Later in the day, with Arthur Russell, to Weybridge, where find the Peyronnets, and go on to Fox Warren, Charles Buxton's lovely place. Then Mrs. Austin joins us, and we all return with her to the quaint little cottage where she spent the last years of her life.

20. At Claydon, Sir Harry Verney's, a very remarkable house, which was begun with the intention

of rivalling Stow, but remains merely a huge fragment.

Lady Verney is Miss Nightingale's sister, and one of the curiosities of the house is a manuscript by Lady Verney describing the life and adventures of her sister's owl Athena, which, bought for 6 lepta from some children into whose hands it had dropped out of its nest in the Parthenon, was brought by Miss Nightingale to Trieste, with a slip of a plane from the Ilissus, and a cicala. At Vienna the owl ate the cicala and was mesmerised, much to the improvement of its temper. At Prague a waiter was heard to say that "this is the bird which all English ladies carry with them, because it tells them when they are to die." It came to England by Berlin, lived at Embley, Lea Hurst, and in London, travelled in Germany, and stayed at Carlsbad while its mistress was at Kaiserswerth. It died the very day she was to have started for Scutari (her departure was delayed two days), "and the only tear that she shed during that tremendous week was when —— put the little body into her hand." "Poor little beastie," she said, "it was odd how much I loved you."

30. Arthur Russell dines with us, reading Schiller

and Corneille, and reciting from the latter in imitation of a French actor—I think M. Beauvalet. Afterwards he and I went on to see Carlyle. It was on this occasion that we talked about the Yarrow country. I said it seemed to me much sadder than the Highlands. He doubted that, and mentioned a walk from Kinloch-Luichart along a roaring stream, which seemed to him "the advance into chaos." We spoke of Montalembert, and of his expedition to Scotland for his *Monks of the West*. This led Carlyle to talk of the Bollandists. He thought very highly of the persons who started that great collection, said that with those (Montalembert included) who looked on these people as saints, he had nothing in common, would ask them to go right away and make room for more rational men, but thought that any one who had an aptitude for the task, could find most immensely valuable materials for history in it. We spoke of the life of Columba, which Carlyle seemed to me to know surprisingly well. He said he was a thoroughly Irish nature, like any of these people who are shouting "Justice to Ireland."

In the course of the evening the conversation turned on the War in the United States. "There

they are," said Carlyle, "cutting each other's throats, because one half of them prefer hiring their servants for life, and the other by the hour."

August

7. Took George Boyle to call on John Henry Newman. It was on this occasion that I first observed the picture of Oxford, alluded to under the date of the 18th of October 1856. He took us over the library of the Oratory at Edgbaston—his Oriel one enlarged, and mentioned amongst other things that he had thought of buying a copy at Stewart's of the Bollandists for 130 guineas, but took a day to consider it, and in the meantime it was bought for the Free Kirk College in Edinburgh.[1]

On the 23rd September I delivered my annual speech at Elgin. I had always taken a good deal of pains about my addresses to my constituents, thinking that, if made at all, they were worth making as good as I knew how, and they had a certain success in Scotland from the first; but an article in the *Spectator*, entitled "Mr. Grant Duff on unsettled Political Problems," a few days after this, for the first time

[1] "Habent sua fata libelli!"

showed me that I had succeeded in catching the ear of that portion of the public to which they were *secondarily* addressed.

November

14. In Edinburgh on our way south from Eden. About 1 to-day we went to the Register House, where Mr. Joseph Robertson, the most learned of Scottish antiquaries, was our guide. He showed us the foundation charter, not of the Melrose Abbey which now stands in ruins, but of an older building, which has long since passed away, though the little piece of parchment remains intact, and the writing on it is perfectly legible. He showed us also the list of jewels belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, which he afterwards published. It bears upon it notes, in her own hand, of the names of the persons to whom she desired the jewels to be given, in case both she and her child should die, made just before the birth of James VI. This curious document, with many other of the Scottish records, was taken to London in the days of Cromwell, and was not sent back to Edinburgh till recent times. These valuable papers were packed in hogsheads, and suffered much from the

damp, the stains caused by which, on this particular manuscript, were mistaken by Miss Strickland, according to Robertson, for Queen Mary's tears.

Not less remarkable is the letter of the Scottish nobles to the Pope, saying that they would never submit to English rule. This, perhaps the most curious document in the Register House, was as nearly as possible destroyed. One of the Earls of Haddington, who was Lord Clerk Register, had taken it, with other interesting relics, to his country house. When he died, they were reclaimed by the authorities, and were all sent back by his family, except this one, which could not be found. At length it was discovered in front of a fireplace in a bath-room, the housemaid having been pleased with the long strips of parchment from which the seals depended, and thinking that it would make as good a grate ornament as another.

We saw, too, many letters of Mary Queen of Scots, and Robertson told us that she wrote at first rather a good hand, but it fell off. She was not really so learned as has been said. Her so-called Latin verses are copies of Buchanan, and her French ones are poor. We saw, also, the receipt for the Scottish records given by Balliol to Edward I., and a batch of holograph letters of Montrose.

Leaving the Register House, we crossed the North Bridge. Joseph Robertson pointed out the draper's just beyond it as having been Adam Black's shop, and the office of the *Edinburgh Review*. I can myself remember it as Adam Black's shop. We turned to the left down the High Street, and presently passed Carrubber's Close, where the old ladies used to put white roses out of their windows on June 10—the old Pretender's birthday. Right, opening of Blackfriars' Wynd, which we traversed, I think, with R. Chambers. Left, house, which lately fell, and is being rebuilt. Over the door, carved, is the head of a boy, who was found alive in the ruins. Left, Leith Wynd and John Knox's House. Right, Oliver and Boyd's Close, in which Begbie, the Bank porter, was murdered. Right, site of St. John's Cross, where Charles II. is said to have knighted the Provost of Edinburgh, and St. John's Street, in which Smollett visited his sister. In several of the transverse streets hereabouts lived Hailes, Kaimes, and Monboddo. Left, Canongate Church, built by James II., and censured (save the mark) for its Popish appearance! Right, Moray House, previously Lady Hume's lodging, from the balcony of which Argyll's family saw Montrose led by. Right,

Queensberry House, now a refuge for the destitute. Left, a house in which Adam Smith lived. He and Dugald Stewart are buried in Canongate Churchyard. Some of the indications as to Left and Right are indistinctly written in the Note Book from which I copy, and they may be incorrect.

The forework of Holyrood is now swept away. The left tower is the only old part of the building, and it is much modernised. We went through some dismantled rooms belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, Hereditary Keeper, to Queen Mary's apartments. The turret stair, by which the murderers of Rizzio ascended, still opens into them. The Queen was sitting at supper with several persons; Rizzio was either at or near the table, when Ruthven entered in armour, coming from his sick-bed in the house hard by, which the Queen had given him. Those in the room drew their swords, but the rest of Ruthven's party rushed in, and Rizzio was dragged through the ante-chamber, and despatched outside. He received his first wound in the Queen's presence. The arrangement of these rooms is not changed, but all the furniture is of a later date.

In the ante-chamber, Arthur Erskine and another

heard the quarrel going on between the Queen and Bothwell, during which she asked for a knife to kill herself, two days after her marriage with him.

The Great Hall dates from Charles II., and occupies the place which would have otherwise been given to a chapel, but the King noted in the estimate: "I do not insist on a chapel; when I want devotion I can have it in a private room." Here Prince Charles held a levée, as did the Duke of Cumberland some few months after.

Brantôme and the younger Scaliger were both at Holyrood Palace. Buchanan read classics with the Queen. The younger Scaliger writes very decidedly of her guilt, but says she was a glorious creature. Yet she does not seem to have been really beautiful. She was on a large scale, but very graceful and lively.

From Holyrood we walked up the Canongate and High Street. One corner of St. Giles's is called Haddo's Hole, because Lord Aberdeen, the first victim of the Civil Wars, was imprisoned there. In the old Canongate Tolbooth were imprisoned, in the time of James II., certain Covenanters who renounced the days of the week, the names of the books of the Bible, and all things other than the pure Word of God. We

saw too the site of the city Tolbooth, where the Heart of Midlothian is still marked on the pavement by a heart.

27. From London to Ghent, where we passed the night and part of the next morning, seeing again the belfry surmounted by the dragon, which has had so strange a history, having begun life as the figure-head of the war galley of Sigurd I., surnamed Jorsalafare, *i.e.* the Pilgrim of Jerusalem, who, sailing from Norway in 1107, and having fought in the Holy Land, returned overland *via* Constantinople, and gave this gilt dragon to St. Sophia ; whence, after the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204, it was sent by the Emperor Baldwin of Flanders as a present to Bruges, and carried in 1382 to Ghent.

From Ghent we crossed the Pays de Waes, to Antwerp. On the way a curious illustration of the far-reaching mischief of war was given me by a Belgian gentleman, who told me that he was the owner of a polder in the neighbourhood, which, in good years, paid about 10 per cent on the purchase money. The inhabitants of this polder have been pauperised by the American contest, as nearly all their osiers went to the States, and the demand suddenly ceased when

hostilities commenced. The return from land in the Pays de Waes is infinitesimal—often less than 1½ per cent on the purchase money.

From Antwerp we went to Rotterdam, where I had several conversations with Réville about Dutch Theology, with regard to which I was at this time very curious, and the results of my inquiries into which I embodied in a paper published in *Fraser*. Of this paper I afterwards reprinted a considerable part, in an Article on Holland in my *Studies in European Politics*. Réville told me that Jurieu was buried just under his pulpit. He would, as Réville says, be much scandalised if he could hear his successor's doctrines. Réville, although established here in connection with the Walloon Church, is a Frenchman of a Huguenot family. His grandmother received her first communion in a cellar, and he himself had talked with an old woman who imagined—according to the old Huguenot belief—that she had heard the Protestant version of the Psalms chanted by Angels.

December

3. See in the library at the Hague the collection of intaglios which belonged to Hemsterhuis, and after-

wards to the Princess Galitzin, and which interested Goethe so much. I note particularly a head of Hercules as a youth crowned with laurel, a head of Hercules, at a later period of life, similarly crowned, a Silenus playing a flute, heads of Aristotle, Plato, Homer, an Apollo, etc.

In the coin room is also the Triumph of Claudius, a large but not particularly beautiful cameo.

4. On arriving here I had left my card upon Mr. Groen van Prinsterer, the well-known head of the high Orthodox and Conservative party, along with an introduction from M. Arnold. This morning, just after breakfast, the waiter brought me the card of Baron Donald Mackay, a young man of three-and-twenty, who came on the part of Mr. Groen to put himself at our disposal, Mr. Groen being unwell. The Scotch name struck me, and upon inquiry I found that he was heir-presumptive to the Reay peerage, and that his great-grandfather had served in the Scotch brigade along with my great-grandfather, Colonel Cuninghame, author of an interesting series of letters on military questions, published under the title of *Strictures on Military Discipline* (London, 1774), who returned to England, and died in London

towards the end of last century, while the Mackays stayed on in Holland.

We went with him to the Second Chamber, where I saw Thorbecke, the Prime Minister, a tall, thin, professorial figure, who speaks as if he were lecturing, and uses the forefinger as if to demonstrate. Thence we went together to the Senate, and later my wife went alone to see the Queen, while I went with the elder Baron Mackay to see two schools—one public, and managed under the school law of 1857, the other private, a so-called "Christian School," managed by a Board consisting of Groen, the elder Baron Mackay and others.

5. This afternoon we went together to the House in the Wood, where we met the Queen accidentally on purpose, etiquette requiring that I should not be formally presented to her till I had been presented to the King. She showed us all over the palace, of which she is very fond, and the pictures which she has collected from garrets. She pointed out a portrait of the Queen of Bohemia, of her much prettier daughter, of Queen Mary, and much else. In the evening we dined with the elder Baron Mackay, meeting Baron Fagel, etc.

6. This morning I had an audience of the King, who asked many questions about English and Scotch acquaintances. He said he had never been in Scotland, but had seen the Cheviots from Raby, and seemed particularly interested about that country, both on account of the Scotch Brigade, and from the circumstance that his father had much liked the Scotch troops he commanded at Quatre Bras and elsewhere, and with whom he had been in the breach at Badajoz.

Later we went to see Baron Fagel's Gallery, which is admirable, although most of the family portraits and curiosities were destroyed or sold in 1795. The Bibliotheca Fagelliana, for example, is now at Dublin. In the evening I went to see the Queen, who talked of many things—of the future of Italy amongst others, as to which her views were all that one could wish.

7. I went by appointment to see Mr. Groen. We talked much of education here and in England. I asked him where the strength of the Liberals chiefly lay. He said "un peu partout." The strength of his own party lay chiefly near Arnheim, near Zwolle, and in one or two other places, but most of all in the religious traditions and patriotic feelings of the masses

everywhere. "We are not the aristocratic party," he said, smiling, "yet many women and some men of the highest class belong to us, rather as a religious than as a political party."

I told him I had first heard his name from Michelet, who admired him much, as being, like himself, an enemy of Rome. He spoke a little of Michelet, and that led to Carlyle, about whom I found he had quite erroneous ideas, fancying him strongly Christian in his own sense of the term—a hasty inference from passages in his *Cromwell*. Of Macaulay he spoke very highly, but wondered at his having used so few new materials. I told him about Froude, of whom he had never heard. *Apropos* of the small interest which we in England take in Holland, he mentioned that a few years ago an Englishman of wide knowledge and good position had asked a Dutch friend of his—*the name of the existing Stadtholder*.

8. Amongst people whom I saw to-day was Mr. Jacobson, a gentleman of Jewish descent and large fortune, who was at one period extremely influential here, and had the credit of making and unmaking Ministries, but who has of late become less powerful.

He is a warm advocate of the culture system, and maintains that without it Java would cease to yield a surplus.

His pictures are admirable. Amongst others he has the originals of Ary Scheffer's two Mignons.

In the evening we went to drink tea with the Queen, who strongly advised me to read the *Pensées* in the posthumous works of Lamennais, saying that nothing finer than some of them had been written in human language.

She is extremely well informed, and has powers of conversation unusual in any rank of life.

9. I went to see Backhuyzen van Den Brink, Keeper of the Archives, and profoundly learned in the history of the sixteenth century. He told me that, when the Scotch Brigade was broken up shortly before the Revolution, its registers of births, deaths, and marriages, etc., were transferred to Baron Bentinck, who kept them through the Revolution, and then placed them in the custody of the Scotch Church at Rotterdam. They are now at the Hôtel de Ville.

10. We went again by command to the palace, where we sat half an hour with the Queen, who talked much of common friends in England. The

conversation turning to Mazzini, she mentioned that he had once been taken up by the French police, but had been let go, by order.

11. At Leyden, to call on M. Constant de Rebecque, a young man studying at the University, and a relation of Baron D. Mackay's. His room was extremely pretty, like a well-furnished Oxford room, *plus* a large collection of swords, one of which had been given to his father by the Prince of Orange, and another which had been used by the Prince at Waterloo. He acted as our cicerone in the town, and took us to the Botanical Gardens, where I observed, *inter alia*, a small plant of the Upas tree, with a light green, slightly serrated leaf. I then went to see Rawenhoff, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and the two famous leaders of the Leyden School, Scholten and Kuenen. The latter told me that my letter on English Church Parties in the *Protestantische Kirchen-Zeitung* had been much read here, and had been translated into Dutch. Kuenen spoke highly of Davidson, but said that he disagreed with him in some minor points, believing, for example, that Davidson makes the Pentateuch too old. Later I went to Goudsmid, Professor of Roman

Law, and to Dozy, the great Arabic scholar. I asked him about the Fez library. He said that there was always a danger that, in case of European invasion, "these wretches might burn their manuscripts. Nothing can exceed their fanaticism." At Tunis there is nothing, but at Kairoan, perhaps yes. At Damascus nothing.

12. Last night Goudsmid came to me, and this morning I went to him, and he gave me much information about education and justice in Holland. Later we drove to Katwyk to see the great sluices where the old Rhine enters the sea, and then went on to Haarlem, where I saw Busken Huet, a theologian of the Extreme Left, who belongs, however, to the family of the great Bishop of Avranches.

13. In Amsterdam, seeing pictures and renewing my acquaintance with the grand Van der Helst, which I saw ten years ago. I had quite forgotten how remarkable an artist Govert Flink—who painted the Muster of the Guard of Amsterdam—really was.

In the evening I went to see Mr. Koenen,[1] who was a friend of Da Costa, and represents the ideas of his ultra-evangelical set.

[1] Not to be confounded with the great scholar Kuenen.

15. From Amsterdam, by the Great Ship Canal, to Nieuwe Diep, whence we drove as far as the light-house of Hausduinen, which looks like the world's end. We traversed part of the fortifications of the Helder, and came back along the great dyke, which is made of huge stones like those at Katwyk. The slope is more gradual than I expected.

Returning through Amsterdam, I went to visit Mr. Land, Secretary to the Netherlands Bible Society, with a letter from Renan. This Society employs only men who have taken the degree of Doctor in Letters, and are good Hebrew and Greek scholars. It then sends them out and makes them learn, on the spot, the languages into which they are to translate the Bible, a work they are not allowed to attempt till they have published a grammar and dictionary.

18. From Amsterdam we went to Utrecht, where I saw Professor Opzoomer, who has been called the Dutch Renan. He is enthusiastic about Macaulay, whose influence in Holland has been enormous. He fetched the *Essays*, and asked me to explain the passage in that on Warren Hastings about the "St. Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has preserved from the common decay."

After seeing the somewhat grim portraits of the old Professors in the Hall of the University, where the Union of Utrecht was signed, I went to call on the Jansenist Archbishop (Loos), chiefly to ask him, on behalf of Acton, whether his uncle, Archbishop Dalberg, had been in communion with the Jansenist Church. He thought he had heard from one of his clergy now at the Hague, that some German Archbishop—he rather fancied Dalberg—had been in correspondence with some of their people. He gave me a good deal of information about his community, and was very civil. His clergy, he said, are too much occupied to read or write much. They read Protestant works a little—I should think *very* little, and have a few correspondents in France amongst hereditary friends of Port Royal.

19. Again at Rotterdam, where I saw Réville and his colleague Pierson, and came in for a flood—a furious gale from the North-West combining with a high tide to send the water over many of the streets. Thence we went to London *via* Brussels, where I saw no one but Molinari, the political economist, who talked Belgian politics from a Liberal Frondeur's point of view.

1863

January

11. Met at Mrs. Shuttleworth's, in Manchester, Professor A. J. Scott, of Owens College, who was connected in early days with Sterling and his friends, and had a greater reputation for ability than anything he actually did perhaps ever justified.

12. With Mr. Pender to see his warehouses, and some of the arrangements for relieving the Lancashire distress.

Mr. Whitworth took us over his gun factory. He began by pointing out that exactitude was the soul of his invention. He showed us true planes, and made us see how one floated on the other while there was a little air between them, and how as soon as the upper one was slightly pushed down and the air driven out, they became as one mass. His method of precise measurement was then explained. He can measure

the millionth part of an inch. In his young days people used to talk of one thirty-second part of an inch as a very minute measure of length, the smallest ever considered in practice. Now his workmen speak continually of one twenty-thousandth part of an inch. He himself can detect by the touch the lengthening of a piece of iron one thirty-thousandth part of an inch. The machine for precise measurement marks even the effect produced on a bar of iron by the expansion caused by touching it with the finger-nail.

26. Senior mentioned to me that Lord Aberdeen had told him that he was strongly in favour of giving up Gibraltar.

February

4. Met Bishop Colenso at breakfast, and walked across the Park with him. He is full of vigour, and would have made a good grenadier. I saw a great deal of him this spring and summer.

18. Met at Senior's old General Chesney of the Euphrates Expedition, who was very sanguine about a railway across Asia Minor, prophesying that in three

or four years passengers would be able to go to India in thirteen days, and telegrams in seven.

19. Mr. Christich, Minister of the Interior in Servia, breakfasted with me, and presently afterwards I went to see the Princess, who was living at No. 35 Albemarle Street. She was a Hungarian by birth—the Countess Julie Hunyady – and surpassingly beautiful. Coming over to London, with a view to push the political interests of her husband, she wished to see everything on its brightest side, and to make herself as agreeable as possible, a policy which she carried so far as to assure me that she admired the London fogs as giving "un air mystique."

22. Mr. Byng, of whom Brummell said when he was driving past with his dog, "There goes the poodle and his Byng," and who was known as "The Poodle," describes to-night at Lady William Russell's his having been presented to the Prince of Wales as his page, just before his marriage in 1795. H.R.H. was quite drunk.

23. About this time some foolish zealots at Oxford instituted a prosecution against Jowett for heresy, in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, reviving for that purpose an old jurisdiction which had slumbered for many years.

Sir George Lewis, the most cautious of ministers and men, was so outraged by this proceeding, that he came to me to-night in the House, and urged me strongly to bring in a Bill to crush the jurisdiction *pendente lite*. Sir Edmund Head took the same view, and I was perfectly ready to do so, but A. P. Stanley and other friends of Jowett's thought it better to let the prosecution break down, so to speak, by its own weight, which indeed happened shortly afterwards.

March

11. To-day came the news that Madame de Circourt had been released from her long martyrdom, and so closed one of the pleasantest houses that I have ever known. The last book she read was *Eugénie de Guérin*.

Sainte-Beuve wrote of her :—

"Il nous arrive tous les jours de revenir en idée sur les salons de l'ancienne société Française, et de les regretter : il n'est que juste de ne pas regretter moins amèrement ceux que nous possédions et que ferment tout-à-coup des morts inattendues. Madame la Comtesse de Circourt vient d'être enlevée à la société Parisienne et à ses amis de tous les pays. Tous ceux qui l'ont connue et qui ont été

admis à participer aux trésors de son cœur et de son intelligence, apprécieront l'étendue de cette perte et le vide qu'elle va laisser. Madame de Circourt était Russe de naissance. Madlle. Klustine, voyageant avec sa mère en Suisse et en Italie, y rencontra, vers 1831, l'homme distingué et savant qui la fit Française, et qui fut uni avec elle, pendant plus de trente ans, par tous les liens qui peuvent associer deux esprits et deux âmes, également vouées aux belles études et à tout ce qui est élevé. Le salon de Madame de Circourt avait cela de particulier que l'intelligence y donnait comme droit de cité: aucune prévention, aucun préjugé n'arrêtait cette personne, si pieuse d'ailleurs et si ferme dans ses croyances, dès qu'elle sentait qu'elle avait affaire à un esprit de valeur et à un homme de talent. De quelque bord politique que l'on vînt, de quelque dogme philosophique qu'on relevât, on se rencontrait avec amitié et sympathie autour de ce fauteuil, où l'enchaînaient depuis des années de cruelles douleurs dissimulée dans une bonne grâce charmante et avec un art de sociabilité inaltérable. Ce n'est pas en peu de mots qu'on peut rendre justice à cette noble et sérieuse personne que tant de cœurs regrettent en ce moment, mais nous n'avons pas voulu laisser passer les premiers instants de sa perte sans exprimer un sentiment de douleur que nous savons si partagé."

15. Walked from Aldermaston to the old Roman town of Silchester. Edward Bunbury, the scholar

and numismatist, told me a curious story which had been told by Wilkes to Jekyll, and by Jekyll to him.

Wilkes dreamt that he was dead, and that he had been ferried over to the other side of the Styx. Waiting about on the bank, he saw another new arrival, who turned out to be no other than his old enemy, Lord Sandwich. They fell into amicable conversation under these novel circumstances, till at length they began to feel hungry. Lord Sandwich said that there was an hotel hard by, kept by an old servant of his. Thither they went, and the man prepared for them an extremely *recherché* little dinner. In the course of it, however, Lord Sandwich began to swear because the champagne was not iced, whereupon the innkeeper, who was attending in person upon his guests, shook his head very sadly, and said—"No ice here—no ice here!" Just at that moment little blue flames came quivering up through the table, and Wilkes awoke.

18. At Lord Russell's. He spoke,—and most truly—of Roebuck, as one of the most disappointing of speakers, beginning generally so very well and then falling off. I have sometimes heard Roebuck perfectly admirable for a few minutes, but never heard him make a speech which was good throughout.

22. Arthur Russell dines with us, and reads *Faust* aloud, which he does admirably, after which we went on to Carlyle. I soon turned the conversation on the *Matinées Royales*, which have been lately reprinted by Acton. Carlyle says that they have been three times sent to him from various quarters as valuable and mysterious documents, but that they are "the longest-eared platitude now going about on the created earth."

26. Breakfasted with Layard, to meet Julian Fane, who told us an amusing story about Motley, who is now American Minister at Vienna, and a most furious Northerner; although before the War he said to Layard—"If our Sister of the South wants to leave us, let her part in peace."

He had become, it appears, so excited that he had quite withdrawn from society, being unable to listen with toleration to any opinions hostile to his own. This had gone on for some time, when his friends arranged a little dinner, at which the greatest care was to be taken to keep the conversation quite away from all irritating subjects. Not a word was said about the War, and everything was going on delightfully, when an unlucky Russian, leaning across the table, said—"Mr. Motley, I understand that you have given a

great deal of attention to the history of the sixteenth century ; I have done so too, and should like to know whether you agree with me in one opinion at which I have arrived. I think the Duke of Alva was one of the greatest and best statesmen who ever lived ! " Motley completely lost his temper, and the well-laid plan was overthrown.

April

2. With Ollivier, in Paris, who, since I saw him, has lost his pretty wife, and was extremely *triste*, though full of interest in politics. He says that Morny is one of those who talks most of the necessity of going in a Liberal direction. " The Emperor," he said to Ollivier, " has founded nothing. He must attach his name to new institutions." Ollivier says that Morny's ambition is to be the person charged with forming the first Parliamentary Ministry.

It was to-day Mohl told me that in 1848 he had himself heard Louis Blanc say to the crowd which pressed round him as he was getting into his carriage— " I hope the time will come when we shall all have our carriages." Some one called out—" And who will drive me ? "

The Duc de Noailles told Mohl that about the same time a man had come to him, and in the most friendly and civil way had begged him to use his influence when his property was divided between the neighbours, that Maintenon itself should be *his* share, because he thought that it would be admirably suited to be turned into—if I remember right—a corn-mill.

3. In the course of conversation to-day Renan mentioned, as an illustration of the frivolity prevailing in high places here, that the *Proverbe* acted lately at Court was printed with the characters of the great edition of the *Imitation*.

Something, I forget what, turned my attention lately to bindings, and I have been amusing myself here by picking up specimens of Capé, Baussonet-Trautz, and others.

5. To Versailles to see Scherer, with whom I spent the day, driving to Les Bruyères, of which Madame de Circourt was so fond. The house was shut up and deserted, but the wood anemones and cowslips were coming up everywhere.

6. With Renan to see Sainte-Beuve, who lives, appropriately enough, at No. 11 Rue Mont Parnasse. We talked of many things; of Mat. Arnold and his

Obermann period ; of the wide and deep influence of Scott's novels ; of the superiority of English to French poetry. "My countrymen," he said, "have been as revolutionary in literature as in politics—one period always anathematising its predecessor."

He hardly ever leaves Paris, but from his upper windows has a view over gardens.

M. Martin Paschoud, whose acquaintance I have just made, and who is the oldest of the Liberal Protestants here, took me to see Mrs. Hollond, who sat with Ary Scheffer's picture of her close by, so that one could judge how far he had succeeded. It is an excellent portrait[1]—just idealised, and no more.

Circourt mentioned to-day, in the course of a conversation about the old French families, that when the Duc de La Tremouille married, he had no land, no rent, but the old castle of his family, the family papers, and sixteen thousand pounds in diamonds.

7. Yesterday and to-day I have been reading the proofs of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, which is passing through the press.

To see Maury. I asked him how the Emperor's book was getting on. He said that he was very much

[1] Now in our National Gallery.

absorbed by it, sometimes to the neglect of other things, but he is afraid of criticism and "refait son César." Maury says that since he saw him closer, he thinks the country is more to blame than he. The rage for places is beyond anything that can be imagined. About fifteen hundred applications are made in a week.

The Empress is much the reverse of stupid, but has had a very imperfect education, and is a devotee of the Spanish type, which is far worse than the French, and has much less of personal piety in it. Mass at the Tuileries is a sort of transaction with very little religious fervour. She is brave, and would show very well indeed if she had to dare anything in the streets of Paris, but she meddles in affairs, and often is just the makeweight that inclines the Emperor—who likes a quiet life—to wrong decisions.

Amongst other people whom I saw on this visit to Paris were the Peyronnets, Villemain, and Madame Cornu, the foster sister of the Emperor, who figures so much in Senior's admirable conversations.

14. Heard of the sudden death of Sir George Lewis.

26. R. W. Mackay, a strange recluse scholar, who

wrote *The Rise and Progress of Christianity* from the Tübingen point of view, introduced me to-day to Herbert Spencer, and showed me a curious book by Raymond, of Barcelona, in the preface to which he puts the Book of Revelation and the Book of Nature on a level.

May

4. Gladstone's great speech on the Taxation of Endowed Charities, which I think, on the whole, the most remarkable I ever heard him make.

8. An elaborate, and in its way very striking, oration by Lord Henry Lennox (in which he attempted to turn the tables by detailing the sufferings of the Bourbonists in the prisons of Naples) was followed by a maiden speech from a young man on his own side—Butler Johnstone—which was far away the most successful Parliamentary *début* at which I ever assisted.

15. Dined with Kinglake, at the Athenaeum, and talked to him about *Eothen*. He wrote half of it in three weeks at Vevey, and the rest long afterwards.

30. Dr. Kalisch, the Jewish commentator, breakfasted with us, and gave after breakfast, to Acton, Arthur Russell, and myself, a good deal of very

curious information about the existing state of learning amongst the Jews. He told us that his own father knew the Old Testament in Hebrew, from end to end, at seven years old, and he mentioned the case of a man who could allow a pin to be put through any twelve pages of the Talmud, and tell through what words it passed.

June

19. I met, at Madame Schwabe's, an Italian lady—I think a Madame Serena—who told me that her first child was born during the bombardment of Venice, and had had fourteen wet nurses besides a goat.

20. Lacaita, who is the most accurate of men, mentioned at breakfast with me this morning, that Ferdinand of Naples knew the seventy-eight thousand men in his army by name. He thought Garibaldi would have failed against him, but Gallenga, who was present, disagreed. The King's power of fascinating and gaining over people was quite extraordinary.

24. Browning told me, when dining with us to-day, that Mrs. Peacock, the wife of the author of *Gryll Grange*, was the "White Snowdonian Antelope" of Shelley's Poems. Shelley was reading Keats when his

boat capsized, and his hand was on his breast, as often when he read or thought. Browning had read the blurred manuscript which was found in his pocket.

27. Went down with Arthur Russell, Madame Mohl, and Browning, to Hatfield, where we spent the day. The Golden Gallery, and the old Yew Garden looking down upon the Lea, pleased me most.

July

1. Crawford, the Member for the City, gives a large Parliamentary dinner to introduce Goschen, who has just come into the House.

4. With Kinglake and others to Professor Wheatstone's, who showed us his cryptograph, and other inventions.

6. Met Ristori at Senior's. She told my wife that she had appeared first on the stage at two months old, and had acted at four years old. I remember hearing Charles Kean say to Cook, of the *Saturday Review*, in his rooms in the Albany, that his father's first appearance had been also as an infant.

26. At Aldermaston. Long talk with Sir Edmund

Head, who repeated to me the epitaph on the tomb of the son of Columbus at Seville—

> "A Castilla y a Leon
> Mundo nuevo dió Colon."

He also told me Madame de Staël's quotation when she heard of Moscow:—

> "Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini poena tumultum
> Absolvitque Deos."

Amongst the party at Aldermaston were the Prince of Teano,[1] and Lupo, a noble white Campagna dog which the Burrs had brought from Italy.

I took a much more active part in the House of Commons this Session than I had ever done previously, speaking on the Endowed Schools, the Oxford Petition for the Relaxation of Subscription, and a great many other subjects. See *Hansard*. Some days after my speech on the Irish Church, Gladstone said to me—"I am sorry I did not hear your speech the other night. I am told you spoke your mind more distinctly than any one." This was the first hint I had of his change of opinion upon this subject.

[1] Now Duke of Sermoneta.

August

2. Introduced by Mrs. Austin at Bournemouth, whither we have gone to spend some weeks, to her daughter Lady Duff Gordon.

3. Mr. Henry Taylor, the author of *Philip van Artevelde*, came to see us, looking like a statue of Jupiter.

6. Went to call on Lord Sidney Osborne, the "S. G. O." of the *Times*, at his strange little cottage called "The Hive," on Poole Harbour, which is fitted up so as to look like the inside of a yacht.

9. Long walk and talk with Lady Salisbury, now Mary, Lady Derby. She remembered the day when it was rumoured in London that Newman had gone over. Manning said it was probably too true, and that Newman would end like Blanco White. After that Manning suffered tortures, then shut his eyes, and made the plunge.

15. Mrs. Austin and Arthur Russell came to drink tea. She told me that Bentham, the botanist, was at one time engaged to Madame de Circourt.

21. Find near Corfe Castle the rarest of English heaths, *Erica ciliaris*, and the *Gentiana pneumonanthe*.

From Bournemouth I went, *via* George Boyle's at Handsworth, to Melrose, Linlithgow, and Eden. At Melrose I read, *in situ*, the famous epitaph :—

"The Earth goes on the Earth
Glist'ring like gold ;
The Earth goes to the Earth
Sooner than it wold ;
The Earth builds on the Earth
Castles and towers ;
The Earth says to the Earth
All shall be ours."

It is on the grave of one Ramsay, Portioner in Melrose.

September

9. Speak at Elgin.[1]

21. Met at the house of the Rev. C. K. Paul, at Stourminster Marshall, Father Strickland, an English Jesuit, who said to me—"I have observed, throughout life, that a man may do an immense deal of good, if he does not care who gets the credit for it."

[1] See *Elgin Speeches*, Edinburgh, 1871.

October

6. Kmety dined with us. I asked him whether it was true that Damjanich had issued a proclamation addressed to the Servians living to the north of the Save, to this effect—"I come to sweep you off the face of the earth, one and all, utterly; and when I have done so, I mean to put a bullet through my own head, that there may not be a Servian left in the land of the living." I also asked him whether Damjanich, when he was not led first to execution, had said—"Sonst war ich doch immer der erste." He confirmed both stories.

November

27. From London to Paris.

29. This afternoon I met Prince Czartoryski, and had a long walk with him. He said, speaking of Poland, that the war would end, if no intervention took place, in the destruction of the upper class, but that in twenty years there would be new wealth and new leaders.

30. Conversation with Jules Simon about the difficulties which were thrown in the way of candi-

dates for the Corps Législatif. Being only allowed to address twenty of his electors at once, he had on one day to make seven speeches in Belleville.

It was Simon who first told me, and on this occasion, that Montalembert's daughter had gone into a convent —a great grief to him, although so natural.

December

1. To see Prévost Paradol, who is strongly opposed to the Emperor's idea of a Congress—saying that it would wake up all slumbering ambitions. We walked together to the Rue d'Anjou, he talking much of the ignorance of the masses in France, and of his wish to be "a Member of Parliament in a free country."

Called on Madame de Peyronnet, with whom found Charpentier the publisher, who said that he had once been in favour of the extension of French dominion to the Rhine, but that he had been quite converted by a journey along its banks. He described, very vividly, the misery of France before 1815, women of the better class going about with clouted dresses, and apartments to be had for almost nothing. In his childhood he had seen the Emperor walking up and down under the

peristyle of the Tuileries, "with an eye like an eagle, or like melting metal."

Mr. W. H. Bullock, who has been travelling in Poland, and is just returning thither, dined with us, and gave me a great deal of information from the Polish point of view, which at this time was, to some extent, my own.

3. At the Corps Législatif, where, however, I was badly placed, and listened to a discussion of little interest about a recent election. Morny frequently took part in the debate from the Presidential chair.

To see Laboulaye, who was full of a Workman's library, which he has been founding in the Panthéon quarter.

At night I went to Jules Simon's, where there was a gathering of Liberal journalists and deputies. Amongst others I was introduced to M. Floquet, of the *Temps*, to M. Berardi, of the *Indépendance Belge*, to Garnier Pagès, and to Glais-Bizoin.

4. Bullock breakfasted with us, and I afterwards took him to see Nicolas Tourgueneff, at Vert Bois, and Circourt, at Les Bruyères, where we met Scherer, and returned with him to Versailles.

The conversation all day turned chiefly upon Russia, whither I was just going.

A fact mentioned by Madame Tourgueneff curiously illustrated the *morcellement* of land in France. She had bought this summer twenty pieces of ground, with a view to extending Vert Bois, but would have to buy forty-five more, that is sixty-five in all, before she had extended it by six *arpents*.

Prévost Paradol and Simon dined with us. I expressed some surprise when I learnt that the latter was a Breton, and he said: "I not a Breton! —I was born in the Morbihan, brought up in the Ile et Vilaine, I studied in the Finisterre, and was Deputy for the Côtes du Nord."

5. Renan and Maury dined with us. In the course of a very long and interesting conversation, of which I have very imperfect notes, one or other of them said that Burnouf had read several verses of the Lithuanian Bible, merely from knowing Sanskrit.

I fell in to-day with a German epigram about the proposed Congress, which amused me:—

"Ob sie zu kommen sich bequemen,
Das ist die Frage inhaltschwer,

Denn *das* ist sicher anzunehmen,
Wenn sie nicht kommen dann kommt er."

I had also a long conversation about it with Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who thought that there would not be war, because Louis Napoleon was fifty-six, but that his character was so peculiar that no one could say. He was greatly scandalised at the notion that the Congress should meet in Paris,—such a thing, he said, was all well enough after a succession of Eylaus, Friedlands, and Austerlitzes.

To see Michelet and his wife. She is the only person I have seen here who is at all favourable to the idea of a Congress.

Scherer dined with us, and spoke much of the divorce of intellect and position, which is so strange a feature in French society at present.

7. I looked in for a few minutes to-day at a lecture by M. Egger, in the Sorbonne, on the increased limits of history in modern times. It was interesting, but the room was too crowded to stay.

In the evening I went to see Bixio, to whom I was introduced by Szarvady. His talk was all of Spanish Railways, Transatlantic Steam Companies, and other

business matters,—in short, it was much more that of a merchant or banker than of a revolutionist.

On the evening of the 9th of December I left Paris for Berlin, where I spent the 11th, seeing Morier and George Bunsen, with the latter of whom I went to the Chamber, where Count Eulenburg, General von Roon, Jacoby, Grabow, and Count Schwerin were pointed out to me. At this time the Ministers sat facing the President. In front of them were the Catholics, the Poles and the Fortschritt Partei sitting on the President's left,—the Conservatives and Old Liberals, with the Bockum Dolffs Partei behind them, on his right. In the evening Adolph Stahr and his wife took me to the salon of Mademoiselle Zollmar, where I met General von Pfuel, then a very old man.

I spent the 12th at Danzig, whose quaintness I much enjoyed, and where, from the top of the Cathedral tower, I had my first glimpse of the Baltic. On the 13th I left Danzig, and reached Petersburg on the evening of the 14th, where I went to stay with Mr. Morgan, whose second daughter, my brother, who was then attached to Lord Napier's Legation, was about to marry.

The whole country was of course covered with

snow. As we approached Wilna, the first traces of the war, which was then raging, became visible, a considerable body of soldiers accompanied the train, and every station was held in force. We traversed the dangerous district without adventures, and reached Pskov, where we dined, and where General Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, was pointed out to me.

In Petersburg I remained till the 21st, seeing what was to be seen, and making the acquaintance of a great number of people. Turning round during the service at my brother's marriage on the 17th, I saw, standing close to me, Mr. Krause, the Prussian Attache with whom I crossed the Cenis, under such sensational circumstances, three years ago.

On the 21st I went to Moscow, which struck me excessively—more than any place I had seen for years. There I made some interesting acquaintances, amongst others M. Katkof, who was just at this moment rising to the height of popularity over the ruins of Herzen's once enormous influence, which had been utterly destroyed by his taking the Polish, while Katkof, in the *Moscow Gazette*, took the Ultra-Russian side in the contest then raging. I came to know also Philarète, the famous Metropolitan of

Moscow, and his Assistant Bishop Leonidas; M. Tchitchérine, the great Jurist; M. Soukhatine, a very intelligent Judge; Aksakof, the Slavophile, etc. After paying a visit to the great monastery of the Troitzka —two or three hours from Moscow by railway—I returned to Moscow and Petersburg, where I finished my sight-seeing, and made the acquaintance of Lamansky, the financier, of M. Milutine, the brother of the General, of Prince Gortchakof, of M. Bludof, and his hardly less celebrated daughter, whose salon was the centre of all that was most frantically orthodox and anti-Polish in Russia.

As we drove home Lady Napier mentioned a good saying of some one's about Gortchakof, who was supposed to be very proud of his despatches:—

"C'est un Narcisse qui se mire dans son encrier."[1]

Of course the great subject of conversation at this time, both in Petersburg and Moscow, was the struggle with Poland, and I determined to return to the West through that country.

On the last day of 1863 I started from Petersburg, and reached Wilna about five in the morning of the 1st of January.

[1] They were not, however, written by himself, but by Jomini.

1864

After breakfast I went with a letter from Mademoiselle Bludof to call on Madame Mouravief, and she soon sent me upstairs to her husband, the terrible dictator of Lithuania, whom I found surrounded by maps with the various military stations carefully marked upon them. His personal appearance reminded one of Rivarol's saying about Mirabeau—"C'était l'homme du monde qui ressemblait le plus à sa réputation—il était affreux," but I am bound to say that his conversation was better than his appearance. He carefully limited all his observations to the Western provinces of Russia, and professed neither to know nor to care much about what is usually called Poland. In the Western provinces he was rapidly stamping out resistance. Of the assassinations perpetrated by the so-called National Government he spoke with great horror, declaring that whereas

they had hanged eight hundred and four people, only forty-eight had been hanged by his authority at Wilna, in addition to those put to death by the ordinary tribunals for acts treated as ordinary crimes.

I went all through the prisons with Colonel Lebedef, and although he doubtless did not show me more than he thought fit, I saw quite enough not to believe one tithe of the stories which were current at this time in the newspapers. A love of truth, unhappily, is not among the many charms of the Polish character.

On the 2nd I went from Wilna to Warsaw, passing through great tracts of forests, cleared to a considerable distance on either hand to prevent sharpshooters firing at the trains.

On the 3rd, I attended the Russian or Orthodox Service in the heart of the Zamek, the Palace of the Catholic Polish Kings. The strangeness of assisting at such a service in such a place, the splendour of the uniforms, and the fact that Count Berg, who stood apart on a small carpet, the centre of the whole assemblage, was neither Catholic nor Orthodox, but Lutheran, together with the extraordinary beauty of

the voices, made the function one of the most impressive at which I ever assisted.

After the service Count Berg took me to his room, and sitting down made me a regular speech, of an hour long, upon Polish history from his point of view.

"France," he said, "had from the earliest times tried to stir up against Russia three nations, the Turks, the Swedes, and the Poles. Happily for Russia she had been able to defend herself, and had even gained territory at the expense of each.

"With regard to the Poles, much had been said of the First Partition, but that measure, due to the political sagacity, not of Austria or Russia, but of Frederick II., was commanded by circumstances. Poland was a neighbour with whom it was impossible to live. Ever since, France had redoubled her efforts to injure Russia through Poland. Contrast with the folly of the Poles the behaviour of the Baltic Provinces to which he himself belonged, his family having been one of fourteen who conquered the country. They had frankly accepted union with Russia, knowing that a great State must have a seaboard."

He then went on to describe, as an eye-witness, the tour of the Emperor Alexander through Poland

in 1815, and the great prosperity which was inaugurated by the measures of the Emperor. Then came the French Revolution of 1830, and its *contre-coup* in Poland, the attempt on the life of Constantine, the murder of twelve generals, and the going over of the Polish army to the insurgents. These events were followed by battles, with various fortune, which ended in the suppression of the insurrection. The Emperor Nicholas introduced many changes; but nevertheless the country again prospered, till the agitations in Italy once more excited revolutionary passions. The present rebellion had been instigated from abroad. There were scores of foreign officers. Some bands were almost composed of them. The most unsparing use had been made of terrorism,—no less than nine hundred and forty persons having been hanged by the National Government in his province.

He then went largely into details connected with the doings of the insurgents, of which I have not got sufficiently full notes, and which have now lost their interest.

After leaving the Zamek, I walked about the town with Colonel Stanton and Mr. White,[1]—the

[1] Later Sir William White, British Ambassador at Constantinople.

representatives of the Foreign Office through all this disastrous time, both of whom appeared to me to take very sane and moderate views of the political situation.

In the evening I dined with Count Berg, meeting a large party of Russian officers, some of whom—as for instance Baron Korff—had been only too conspicuous in the troubles.

Count Berg talked to me after dinner about the Crimean War. He had commanded in Revel when Napier was before the place, but had always written to Nicholas that the English Admiral would not attack, because if he did, although he would in all probability burn Revel, he would be certain to lose several ships, and put himself at a disadvantage as compared with his allies the French.

Count Berg had also commanded in Helsingfors at the time of the bombardment of Sweaborg, and dwelt much on the enormous cost of that operation, which amounted, he said, to a much larger sum than the expense of repairing the damage done.

The next day I spent a good deal of time with Mr. White in going about Warsaw, and many hours in the prisons with Major Annenkof, especially in the citadel, where I had an interview with Count

Stanislas Zamoyski, whose fate excited at that time so deep an interest in France and England.[1] My general impression was much the same as that which I formed at Wilna. I thought there was no unnecessary severity on the part of the higher authorities, however doubtful the proceedings of some of their subordinates might be; but, doubtless, in so frightfully embittered a contest, many terrible things were done on both sides.

I dined with Colonel Stanton, meeting Joseph Zamoyski, a son of Constantine's, and August Zamoyski, a brother of Constantine's, also a M. Gorski, and M. de Valbezen, who now represents France here, and wrote an excellent book on India.

On the 5th of January I left Warsaw, and reached Berlin early on the morning of the next day, heartily glad to escape from a country in a state of war, where, although exceptional facilities were given me almost everywhere, passport formalities were very troublesome, and where every one's face seemed to bear the mark of sullen discontent or grim determination.

On the forenoon of the 6th of January the younger Wielopolski came to see me, and gave me an account

[1] He was condemned, but afterwards pardoned.

of the whole Polish affair from his point of view, and the next day I had an equally long talk with his father.

This closed the long series of important conversations which I had with the representatives of different sections of opinion about the Polish insurrection. From ——, the representative of the National Government, who came to see me in London in the summer of 1863, and astonished my butler by presenting a black card with his name in white letters upon it, to Katkof at Moscow, and Mouravief at Wilna, I had seen and discussed the chances of Poland with the prominent men of every *nuance* of opinion, with Waligorski as representing the Prussian Poles, with Ladislas Czartoryski as representing the Austrian Poles, and the highest nobility which was drawn very reluctantly into the movement; then with our own diplomatic and consular people at Petersburg and Warsaw, besides Count Berg and the two Wielopolskis. I summed up the result of these conversations, of a great deal of reading, and some observation, in a few pages which I printed in a long article on Russia in the *North British Review*, and which I republished in 1866, in my *Studies in European Politics*.

As my opportunities of arriving at a just conclusion about this difficult matter were not, to the best of my belief, shared by any politician in Western Europe, I will quote these pages here :—

"In the spring of 1861 a large party was gathered together at the house of a well-known Russian in London, to celebrate the emancipation of the Serfs. It was a meeting of a kind not usual in our staid metropolis, for the whole of the exterior of the building in which it took place was illuminated, to the astonishment and confusion of the neighbourhood. The house would have been as gay within as it appeared to be without, if it had not been for intelligence which had reached London a few hours before, and had thrown a gloom over the festival.

"It was the news of the first collision between the troops and the people at Warsaw. What the news of that tragedy was to the gathering in London, that the Polish insurrection has been to the reign of Alexander II. It has dimmed—nay, in the minds of many, it has altogether blotted out—the glory which had accrued from the emancipation. And yet nothing can be more utterly false than the statement, which is often made by those who arrogate to themselves

the title of friends of the Poles, that they 'were driven to revolt by the bad government of the last two reigns.' What the Poles wanted, it cannot be too often repeated, was not better government, but national independence. National independence they had a perfectly good right to wish for, and to demand, if they thought they were strong enough to obtain it, at the sword's point; but to say that they were driven by oppression to revolt, is simply to pervert history.

"Alexander I. returned to his own dominions after the great peace, full of the most generous intentions towards Poland. In early life, while his grandmother was still alive, he had knit the closest relations with Prince Adam Czartoryski, which began in a sort of stolen interview in the Taurida Gardens at St. Petersburg, and ended in a close friendship. At one time he even dreamt of re-annexing to Poland those western provinces of Russia which she won back in 1772 from her old enemy and former oppressor; but the strong feeling which was excited by this proposal, and which found a mouthpiece in the historian Karamsine, soon induced him to dismiss from his mind his half-formed purpose. The liberal inclina-

tions of Alexander never hardened, so to speak, into liberal principles; they were *velléités*, as the French say, nothing more. He was ready to let everybody have the most perfect liberty, provided that the liberty was never used except just as he wished it. In Poland, as elsewhere, he was always halting between two opinions; and whilst with one arm he upheld the Polish constitution, with the other he upheld the authority of his half-madman, half-monster brother Constantine. This *régime*, at once irritating to national pride and stimulant of national hopes, gave rise to an extensive conspiracy, which was connected with that of Pestel, and would have broken out simultaneously with it, if a premature end had not been put to the designs of that enterprising man. After the failure of both the Russian conspiracies, the Poles determined to act alone, and broke into open revolution some years afterwards. As usual, they chose a most unlucky moment, and, as usual, they were utterly defeated. Nicholas, when once fairly their master, used his power without a thought of mercy, and every hope of Polish independence seemed for a moment to be for ever crushed, except in the hearts of those who had escaped over the frontier.

Gradually, however, two tendencies began to manifest themselves among the Poles in Poland—for we leave the exiles, who were feeding on hope as usual, out of account. When Nicholas was dead, and it became possible to breathe freely, these two tendencies showed themselves more openly, and their representative men in the early years of the reign of Alexander II. were the Marquis Wielopolski and Count André Zamoyski. The first of these, who had been the Envoy of the insurrectionary government in England in 1831, was fully convinced that Poland had nothing to hope from the Western Powers; that the time was come for her to resign all ideas of political independence, and to ask only for administrative independence. The other hoped, by improving the material prosperity of the country, gradually to make it strong enough to try another fall with its mighty neighbour. The views of these two men unequally divided the gentry of Poland; the former having very few, the latter very many, partisans. Between 1831 and 1861, however, a new power had grown up. Something like a middle class had been called into existence. This middle class was composed of the so-called lesser nobility (an absurd term which we use for the want of

a better, although the persons who composed it were chiefly in the position of the humbler portion of the middle class in England), of the Jews, and of the Catholic clergy. These sections, from various motives, but above all, from a very natural and laudable patriotic sentiment, were excessively anxious for national independence, and they kept up the closest relations possible with the democratic section, while what we may call the aristocratic section of the emigration was in equally close connection with the party of Count Andre Zamoyski. The rule of Alexander II., in Poland, at the beginning of his reign, was milder than anything that had been known since the death of his uncle; and encouraged by the mildness of his government, and hopeful of great convulsions in Russia, as the result of the serf question, both the Zamoyski party and the democratic party prayed and worked.

"The former had for their chief organ the *Agricultural Society*. The latter gradually wove a great secret conspiracy extending over the whole of Poland, and connected by invisible threads with the democratic party in most Continental countries. Presently demonstrations of a religious character took place.

The government, at once afraid of being inhuman, and afraid of allowing the movement to get too strong for it, wavered and took half-measures. Things got more and more alarming, and at last unarmed multitudes were attacked in the streets of Warsaw, and the first blood was shed. Then began the period of which M. de Montalembert gave an account to Europe in the eloquent and sentimental pages of *La Nation en deuil.* Every day through 1861 and 1862 the excitement in Poland grew more intense, and the determination of Russia to hold her own more savage. It was perfectly clear that the breaking out of a deadly struggle was only a question of time. The beginning of the year 1863 saw the government of Poland in the hands of the Marquis Wielopolski. Holding the views which he held, there was nothing which he so much dreaded as the outbreak of a revolution. Standing aloof from the great mass of his countrymen, and thinking the Zamoyski party and the democratic party equally unwise, he fondly hoped to be able to save his country in spite of them both. Haughty to an excess, he was restrained by neither affection nor pity from doing what appeared to him to be absolutely best. Clear-sighted and able, but destitute of political

tact, he did not feel that it is impossible to save a nation against its will, and that his only proper course would have been to retire from a position where he could do no good, and to leave the sanguine Poles and the grimly-resolved Russians to the only arbitrament which they could accept.

"He decided otherwise, and fancied that by a stroke of state-craft he would get out of his difficulties.

"Since the close of the Crimean War, there had been no conscription in Russia or in Poland, but a new one had been ordered for the beginning of 1863. Between the close of the Crimean War and the commencement of 1863, a law had been passed, by which the old system of conscription in Poland, under which the government had the power of taking any one it pleased, had been done away with, and a system like the French had been introduced. In order to carry this into effect, it would have been necessary to collect large bodies of men in the towns for the purpose of drawing lots, and Wielopolski saw clearly that if this was done, the revolution which he so much dreaded, as likely to prove absolutely fatal to the country, would immediately break out. He deter-

mined, therefore, deliberately to break the law, and to cause the conscription to be made after the old fashion, with a view to get into his power, and to draft off into the army, the persons whom he thought most dangerous. His secret was badly kept, and his *coup d'état* utterly failed; for many of those whom he most desired to seize, escaped, and, getting into the woods, began the insurrection. The broad outlines of the history of what followed are sufficiently familiar to all readers of newspapers. Through the whole of 1863 the hopes of the revolutionists were buoyed up by the expectations of assistance from abroad, and more especially from France. When, however, Austria, which had connived at the export of arms and munitions of war across the frontier, changed her policy, and began to be as severe in her repression as the Russians themselves, all reasonable Poles saw that the game was up, a conclusion to which less interested observers had come some months before.

"Now that all is over, we do not care to criticise the conduct either of our own government or of any other, with regard to the Polish question; but we do wish to press upon all serious political students the importance of coming really to understand the difficulties

of this question, so that when next the affairs of Poland come up for discussion, they may be able to give some advice which will be worth listening to upon the subject. They will be met at the outset by one great difficulty: there is really no good book about Poland, answering, for example, to Mr. Paget's work on Hungary. The late war has brought into existence several *livres de circonstance*, of which far the best is Mr. Bullock's interesting *Polish Experiences*, written from the insurgent point of view; with which may be compared Mr. O'Brien's book written in the interest of the victors. A paper in *Vacation Tourists* by the Cambridge Public Orator, two articles which appeared last autumn in the *Spectator* and the *National Review*, and a series which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* may also be mentioned. What we want, however, before we can form any very definite opinions about the future of Poland, is a book of a quite different kind—a book which shall sum up all the resources belonging to the one party and the other, which shall point out the difficulties in the way of Russia's assimilating Poland, the difficulties in the way of Poland's becoming reconciled to Russia; and after having gone minutely into all

this, shall attempt to strike the balance and say whether any future Polish insurrection will or will not deserve the sympathies of the Liberal party in Europe. Do those who struggle for Polish independence follow a reasonable instinct which will one day lead them to attain what they desire; or has the time come when they must submit for ever to that 'inexorable necessity,' the idea of which enraged the emigration so much when that phrase was used in January 1864, with reference to the war which was then drawing to a close?"

My thoughts while on Russian and Polish soil were almost exclusively occupied with politics, but I carried away some vivid impressions that were not political. Among them I may note the wide wastes of snow, the scrubby forests, the grinding of the Ladoga ice against the piers of the great bridge of St. Petersburg, and the black flow of the Neva under it, which Neva I walked across a few days later; then the huge granite quays, the mighty mass of the Winter Palace, and the charming galleries of the Hermitage, the unique Kremlin, the bazaars of Moscow, the strangely barbaric ritual of the Troitzka, and the charming singing in the Isaac's Church at St. Petersburg.

My other gains from this Russian tour, and they were numerous, are sufficiently indicated in the paper from which I have quoted.

The day of my arrival in Berlin, I went to see Morier, with whom I found Jowett, who had come out to christen his little girl. Morier was, as might have been expected, full of the Schleswig-Holstein question, which he thoroughly understood, and on which he had written with great ability. As far back as 1848 I had given some amount of time to that tangled business, and had spoken in favour of the German view in the Oxford Union. And now that the Polish frontier was left behind, and one's thoughts turned back to Western subjects, I threw myself into it with some vigour.

At the very first opportunity,—about seven o'clock on the evening that the House met—I delivered a speech in the German interest; and afterwards thanked the Speaker (Mr. Evelyn Denison), who was always particularly considerate and kind to me, for giving me the chance of being the first to speak on the unpopular side.

January

7. I spent some time to-day with Auerbach, who, speaking of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, said—"Die Glockengelaüte hat er jedoch nicht überstanden."

Dined with George Bunsen, meeting Twesten, Sybel the historian, and Bockum Dolffs. The conversation of the first named—a slight, insignificant-looking man—impressed me very much with his political ability. They talked, amongst other things, of the definition of the word Junker, which is imperfectly, or rather erroneously, translated by either squire or noble, and considered that the idea of dependence on Court favour and place, as well as that of poverty, formed part of it. A saying of Bismarck's was quoted in the course of the evening, to the effect that the party of progress was perfectly right, but that he was a Junker, and consequently made "Junker-politik."

After dinner I started with Jowett, who travelled with me as far as Verviers, while I pushed on to Paris. We talked a great deal, I recollect, about the English Public Schools, and at Cologne we went for a few

moments into the cathedral together. My other companion was one of the Lubomirskis,—I think Prince George, anyhow his wife was aunt to the beautiful Princess Helène Sangouszko, and he told me a great deal that interested me about Polish families.

10. I breakfasted to-day in Paris with Prince Czartoryski, at No. 2 St. Louis en l'Ile, and had much talk about Poland. Later in the day I was taken to see Count André Zamoyski, who was then living at No. 6 Quai d'Orléans, and to whom I brought the last news of his son, whom I had seen in the citadel of Warsaw.

11. Went to-day to two lectures at the Collège de France by men who were both destined to tragic ends, the first, Gustave Flourens, who afterwards became so notorious as a politician, and whose lecture on this occasion was founded on M. Gobineau's book about Persia; the other by Philarète Chasles, who died in 1873 of cholera, at Venice, under peculiarly painful circumstances.

13. Met to-day at Ollivier's, for the first and last time, M. Jules Favre, who impressed me very unfavourably.

Renan dined with us. He mentioned that he had

known intimately Madame Le Bas. To the last she always spoke of Robespierre as "*ce pauvre Maximilien.*" The conversation turned on Philarète Chasles. His father, said Renan, was one of a set of old Montagnards who held together till they died, squabbling, however, frightfully, and always regretting that they had not guillotined each other when they had the chance.

15. Spent the greater part of the day with Circourt, at Les Bruyères. Both his brothers were there, one of whom lives at Fontainebleau, and knew M. de Senancour, the author of *Obermann*. Circourt read an amusing letter from M. de B. describing a scene at the house of M. Thiers, and speaking of Barthélemy St. Hilaire and Mignet as "les chiens de la maison."

17. It rained to-day, freezing as it fell, so that one's umbrella became a sheet of glass—the most perfectly odious form of weather I ever encountered.

To-day Renan took me to see Littré, who told me that he hoped to finish his dictionary in about five years. The conversation turned to Villemain, whom they both considered very inferior, as a writer, to Cousin. Speaking of Péreire, the great capitalist,

Littré said, "I knew him well when, thirty years ago, he was writing for the *National*, and *aussi gueux que moi*."

19. Yesterday I heard a lecture of Laboulaye's, on the American Declaration of Independence, and to-day one of M. Franck's, on Benjamin Constant.

20. Called on Madame Cornu. With her I found Egger the Hellenist, who mentioned that he had a boy whose face was exactly like the young Augustus.

I asked Madame Cornu, when we were alone, to what she attributed the Mexican War. She replied:

1. To the romantic fancy of the Empress.

2. To the Emperor's desire to establish a counterpoise to the United States.

3. To the representations of exiles.

I asked her why so few men of merit had joined the Government. She said that the Emperor did not take the right course after the *coup d'état*. He ought to have drowned all the people who had assisted him in it, that is, he should have given them money and sent them away. He had not done so; and ever since they have kept him in a circle of iron, letting him see no one but their own set, and he is always complaining of want of men. He is despotic in principle, but not

in practice. Essentially *réveur* and melancholy, he dreams in the Tuileries of the fresh trees of Switzerland. He is by no means false, but *essentiellement pilote*. Hence such transactions as the cession of Savoy and Nice.

21. Dined with Michelet, meeting Dupont White, Taine, Henri Martin, St. René Taillandier, etc. I talked long with Taine, who, as examiner for St. Cyr, makes a three months' circuit in the provinces every year. He spoke much of *Madame Bovary*, which he says is a perfect photograph of their condition, about which he thinks as badly as possible. He says that the country population call all the ideas by which the intellectual men of the capital live, "*phrases des avocats de Paris*." They care only to make 5 per cent out of their land, and to dine well. If any one makes the *pâté* a possibility, instead of a certainty, he is a monster.

Talked with Henri Martin about Poland. He is full of the ideas of Duchinski and Regnault. Michelet, and Pelletan, who had joined the party, took the same side. None of them knew their facts, but developed history and ethnology out of their inner consciousness.

24. To-night M. de Peyronnet, who lately had a

very narrow escape of being killed by an omnibus, called out to Lanfrey—"Lanfrey, you sit down as if you too had been under an omnibus, *maintenant je soupçonne tout le monde*." This was a good illustration of Lamartine's remark—already quoted—"C'est une etrange famille que les Peyronnets. Il y a de l'esprit partout. Il va jusqu'au mari qui a de l'imprévu dans la conversation."

Went on to Thiers, who talked much of the Corps Législatif, and passed in review with Rémusat a great number of the deputies, mostly inconspicuous. On the whole he thought the members of that body were —"*honnêtes gens, mais tres timides—d'une timidité exceptionelle*." With me he talked chiefly of Poland, siding with the Russians very strongly.

25. In the morning Gigot took me to Count D'Haussonville. We talked of Italy, and I was glad to find him quite in favour of the recent changes.

Later Dupont White called, and made me laugh by telling me of his bitter disappointment when, having got John Stuart Mill down to Fontainebleau with much trouble, he took him to walk in the forest, expecting to have a good talk on politics and political economy. Mill was charmed with the vegeta-

tion, and did nothing but botanise during the whole walk.

To-day, too, Madame Cornu repeated to me a saying of the Empress about Renan's book—"It will not hurt those who believe in Jesus Christ, and to others it will do good."

There is a story going about Paris, at present, of an old general, Voltairian in opinion, to whom some of his family read the *Vie de Jésus* on his deathbed. After getting pretty well into the book, he said—"*Enfin il était Dieu*,"—sent for the priest and died reconciled to the Church; which reminds me of an anecdote, told, I think, by Byron in his letters, about a sermon by Blenkinsop *in proof of Christianity*, which sent a hitherto very orthodox friend of his out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist.

I spent the evening with Taine, where we had a pleasant little gathering, amongst others Guillaume Guizot, Renan, and Arthur Russell. A certain M. Mesnard who was there, a Hellenist, as Renan tells me, of some merit, made us stare by saying that he preferred equality to liberty, and the worst possible republic to the best possible constitutional government.

26. Prince Troubetzkoy, father-in-law of Orloff, the Russian Minister at Brussels, came to see me. He is from the Ukraine, but has become a Catholic, and lives much or altogether in France.

At night Taine, dining with us, told a story of Cousin's enlarging to Jules Simon upon the frightful difficulty of the Timaeus, with which he imagined himself to have been struggling, then suddenly exclaiming,—as the real state of the case flashed into his mind—"Ah! I recollect, it was you who translated it."

28. Went to see the Princess Troubetzkoy, who is a great invalid, and perhaps for that reason has a very pleasant society. There was there a Countess Moltke, —whether related to the Commander who has since become so famous, I do not know.

In the afternoon I went to see the elder Guizot, who, speaking of Poland, said to me—"The case of Poland is sad in every way, but what makes it most sad is, that there is no hope."

Later the Prince de Broglie came in, and I remember his saying—"*J'ai roulé beaucoup, et je connais presque tout le monde.*"

31. Renan gives me his privately-printed *Life of Mademoiselle Renan*, —a beautiful and curious book.

February

1. I seem to have spent this, my last day in Paris, with Sainte-Beuve, A. Coquerel, and Jules Simon. I only remember that the first talked a good deal of his own painful position, the second of Georges Sand, who was, or was supposed to be, showing at that time liberal-Protestant inclinations, and that my interview with the third took place, while he was sitting for his picture to a painter called Gaillard, in the Rue du Helder.

13. Dined in London with Charles Buxton, meeting Arthur Stanley and his bride. He mentioned that in the published conversation between the Emperor Nicholas and Sir Hamilton Seymour there were two suppressed passages. Nicholas said that "the Sultan was like a bear just about to burst, and that there was no good putting musk to his nostrils." And again, "You may speak of the throne in England as being safe, but I, you know, sit upon a volcano."

14. To see F. Palgrave, and find with him his brother, the Jesuit, who has just returned from a most adventurous journey from Gaza to the Persian Gulf.

17. Acton, Kinglake, Hayward, and Bernhardi dine with us. The last named, of whom I saw a great deal this spring, is over here in the interest of the Augustenburgs, lives in Silesia, has written much on military and historical subjects, and is a very agreeable companion.

The conversation after dinner fell upon Radowitz, and Hayward said to me, not for the first time, "I have known all the most remarkable men of my time, and was never so much struck with any one." And yet it would be difficult, I fancy, to name two highly-educated Europeans who had less in common than these two.

22. To the Geographical Society, where G. Palgrave gives an account of his recent travels, which Strangford afterwards compared to Herodotus reciting at Olympia.

24. Met to-day, at the Thrings', Mr. Christie who was at Balliol with Sir William Hamilton, and was long known as the first conveyancer of his day. I think he is the only Englishman I remember in London Society who ever killed a man in a duel.

27. Long talk with Gifford Palgrave, who gave me an outline of his history since I first saw him in

Maclaren's fencing room at Oxford, in the end of 1846. Soon after that he went out to India, served for two years in the army, then having become a Catholic, entered the Jesuit College at Negapatam. There he went through a noviciate of two years, reading little, thinking much, and doing some manual labour. From Negapatam he went to Rome, where, however, he only went through two out of the four regular examinations,—the Pope permitting him to waive one because he had done so well at Oxford, the other because he frankly confessed that he was bored to death. From Rome he went to Syria, where he was employed chiefly beyond the Jordan. When the Lebanon massacres were impending he used his military knowledge in fortifying Zahleh. He was not, however, in the Lebanon, but at Beyrout, when the massacres actually took place; and from Beyrout he was sent to Paris to communicate with the Emperor of the French. I suppose out of that connection arose his Arabian journey.

March

8. Vote in Convocation at Oxford in favour of Jowett's salary as Professor of Greek, which, *mirabile dictu*, the orthodox party insisted upon keeping at £40

a year, to punish him for his heresies. We were beaten, the numbers being 467 to 395.

I do not remember whether it was upon this, or another similar occasion, that some one said, "I think we have a fair chance of winning to-morrow about Jowett's salary, because the country clergy came up in such numbers the other day to vote against the improvement of the curriculum, that they will hardly be at the expense of coming up again so soon." "Trust them for that," said Charles Bowen—"they'll think that education is a bad thing, but that justice is a worse, and they'll come in scores."

25. Introduced by Baron Donald Mackay to M. Tricoupi, Greek Minister here, who is about to leave us. He is a son of the historian, and, in Mackay's opinion, one of the most intelligent Members of the Corps Diplomatique at present in London.

April

4. Went down to Brooke House in the Isle of Wight, belonging to Mr. Seely, M.P. for Lincoln, to meet Garibaldi, who had just come to England, and is on a visit to him.

It was a strange miscellaneous party. Menotti

Garibaldi and Ricciotti his brother, the latter little more than a boy, Colonel and Mrs. Chambers, people attached in some way to the suite of the Liberator, Dalgleish, M.P. for Glasgow, and W. S. Lindsay, well known as a speaker on matters connected with the Navy and Mercantile Marine.

On the 5th, Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson, with their very handsome boys, came over, and Lord Shaftesbury, Arthur Kinnaird, and Evelyn Ashley dined.

I had a pretty long talk with Garibaldi, walking up and down a long orchard house full of fruit trees in flower. He spoke English badly but preferred speaking it, although his French was more agreeable to listen to in spite of a strong Italian accent. His conversation did not at all impress me, but he spoke only of trivial subjects. He wore while at Brooke sometimes a grey and sometimes a red poncho.

On the night of the 5th, I sat up pretty late with Dalgleish and Lindsay in the smoking-room. The latter mentioned that on the Sunday before Bright delivered his famous "Angel of Death" speech,[1] he had been staying with him at Shepperton, Dalgleish being, I rather think, also of the party. During the course

[1] On the havoc of the Crimean War.

of the afternoon, Bright repeated to them various passages from the speech which he was going to deliver. After it had been delivered, Lindsay said to him—"Ah! Bright, you did not repeat to us that bit[1] about the Angel of Death." "No," was the reply; "it came into my head as I was shaving at your house on the Monday morning."

6. Somewhere about this time, Sir Roderick Murchison mentioned to me that Lord Heytesbury had told him that he had, when Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, been rallied by the Emperor Nicholas about the opposition of the English Tories to the Reform Bill. "If I were King of England," said the Czar, "I would give my assent to that bill without the least hesitation."

19. Spoke again on Schleswig-Holstein.

23. I find under this date a note of a story told me —I forget by whom. Mr. Lear, the artist, was travelling in Southern Italy. Having gone out early in the morning, he returned at night, to find that a revolution had broken out in the place where he was staying, which was I think Reggio. He could not

[1] When the late Lord Aberdare read this passage he wrote to me, "I was in the Gallery, and saw him read it off his notes."

find the key of his room, but at last having hunted up the waiter, he asked him for it. "Che chiave," said the man, "che camera. Non c' è piu chiave, non c' è piu camera—non c' è piu niente—Tutto è amore e libertà."

25. I left the House early, and took a long walk in the Park with ——, who quoted to me the lines :—

> "Stille Leiden, stille Werke
> Und ein Alltagsangesicht ;
> Das die Welt es nur nicht merke
> Weil die Welt begreift es nicht."

30. Go over Holland House with Arthur Russell, Bernhardi, and others, after breakfast at my house.

May

1. Heard Charles Merivale preach the first of the Boyle Lectures for the year at Whitehall Chapel, in which he dwelt on the enormous revolution in opinion that took place between the day when (B.C. 61) Julius Caesar made in the Senate the speech, which Sallust has recorded, upon the Catilinarian Conspiracy, and the Council of Nice, A.D. 325.

6. Spoke in the House of Commons on the Report of the Commission, which had been appointed at my

instance in the year 1861, to inquire into the English Public Schools.

29. Long conversation with Lord Stanley at the Cosmopolitan about Hare's scheme of representation. He said that he thought that it would seat a great many literary men in Parliament, but afterwards added—"No, after all I think it would not. The representation would fall into the hands of central organisations like the Reform and the Carlton."

About half-past one to see Senior, who was better, and was going out to drive.

I never saw him again; he had a relapse a day or two after, and died on June 4th.

The weather has been most extraordinary. In the middle of the month the thermometer stood at 85° in the shade, and yesterday, May 31st, some one mentioned at the Athenaeum Committee that it had stood on the 30th at 32°.

June

30. Met at Twisleton's Frederick Elliott and Grote. We talked about political men speculating on their information. Frederick Elliott said—"Well,

in all the years I have passed in the Colonial Office, I think I only once possessed a piece of information which I might, if I had so pleased, have turned to money. I was with my chief one day in 1856, when a Cabinet box came in, which he opened, and glancing at the contents, said to himself—Seebach—Peace. So that I knew 48 hours before the rest of the world that the Russian War was at an end." Grote said that on the Stock Exchange true information might often be as mischievous to its possessor as false, and quoted the case of Cavour, who lost money by speculating on the perfectly correct information that war had been decided upon by France in 1840. I mentioned that afterwards to Kinglake, and he said Cavour's information was not correct, and then repeated an anecdote, which I had heard him tell before, illustrating how the French Government halted between two opinions in 1840. At that time Sir Henry Bulwer was representing us in Paris, as Chargé d'Affaires, in the absence of his chief. After a long conversation with Thiers, when the dispute about the Eastern Question was at its height, he said—"Well, am I to report that you said that in such and such an eventuality you would go to war?" "No, no, don't say that,"

answered Thiers—"say you read it in my countenance!"

July

1. Spoke in the House of Commons on the reform of the Inns of Court. I quote, to give it one more chance of preservation, a very striking passage which I found years ago, in an old number of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, and which I cited this evening.

"At this moment there are few of the systems of legislation, either of ancient or modern times, which are not in force as living law in the British Empire. Menu and Mohammed decide the civil rights of the Hindoo and Mussulman, and an appeal from India compels our Privy Councillors to consult the Koran and the Puranas, as authorities at Whitehall. In the Norman Isles, the severed portions of the domain of the Conqueror, the barbaric custumal framed by his justiciars still guides the grand bailiff and the seneschal who dispense the equity of Rollo, now forgotten, in the hall of Rouen. Canada cherishes the volumes which have been cast forth from the Palais de Justice, and the legitimate representatives of the proud and learned Presidents of the Parliament of Paris are found in the

court-house of a colonial town. Banished from the flowery meadows of the Seine, the ordonnances expounded by St. Louis, under the oak tree at Vincennes, constitute the tenures of land on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the opposite hemisphere we bestow an equal protection upon the Codes of Napoleon, our Sovereign appoints her alcaldes and her corregidores in the Indies of Columbus, while her landrosts in Southern Africa are guided by the placets of the departed Republic of the Netherlands."

I walked down to the House from the Athenaeum with Kinglake, after a large and very gay extemporised party—Sir Edmund Head, Hayward, Kinglake, Edward Bunbury, Drummond Wolff, and Admiral Carnegie. Late at night, we had three divisions on our Oxford Tests Bill, which we lost at last by 173 to 171—the two who carried it against us being Gladstone and Roundell Palmer.

2. We dined with Mr. Moffatt. Bright took my wife down to dinner, and impressed her very much by his conversation about the American War, and the look of inspiration in his face as he spoke of it.

6. Met at Mr. Seely's, amongst others, Bright and Mazzini. The former told me that he did not get

much education, and had been too idle to do much for himself since, adding that he envied Gladstone his enormous information. He said his own practice was not to write his speeches throughout, but to make very copious notes, which, however, he often did not follow. Cobden's practice was not to write at all, but to talk his speeches over beforehand. He said he could not understand the kind of preparation spoken of in Brougham's well-known letter to Zachary Macaulay. He had read some of Burke, and admired it, but thought he must have been a very dull speaker.

I left Mr. Seely's house in Prince's Gate with Mazzini, and walked long up and down with him opposite the South Kensington Museum. He told me that he read a great deal on "the religious question,"—more than on any other, but that he did not read much at all. He had forgotten most of his Latin, when he took to it again in 1835 or 1836, from the accident of finding some Latin books at a small *presbytère* in Switzerland, where he was in hiding. Now he read some classics, and was especially fond of Tacitus. He spoke much of the religious future of the world, but did not succeed in conveying to my mind any clear impression. He thought that the next great

religion would be the religion of progress, but what the religion of progress might mean, I did not gather.

Speaking of Poland, he said that Langiewiecz had been with him three days before he started for that country. He thought that the Poles would certainly rise again. When I asked the elder Wielopolski what he thought would happen in five-and-twenty years, he was less ready to prophesy, saying that was a question which belonged rather to the domain of Providence than of politics.

9. Bright, Acton, Twisleton, Colenso, Morier, Kuenen, the well-known Leyden Professor, and others, breakfasted with us.

Bright talked without ceasing of America, contemplated with great equanimity the "improving the chivalry off the face of the earth," thought there would be no danger from the army after the war was finished, re-stated our difficulties about Canada, about which he had spoken much when I met him at Mr. Seely's, and dwelt on the enormous amount of United States shipping on the great lakes, exceeding in tonnage, he said, the mercantile marine of France.

15. Cobden breakfasted with us, meeting amongst others, Acton, who was, I remember, very much struck

by his "essentially *bourgeois* way of looking at things."[1] Another guest that morning was Mr. Reuben Sassoon, whom, with his elder brother, who also came to us, I had met in St. Petersburg. Mr. Reuben Sassoon, who was strikingly handsome, was dressed altogether in black, only relieved by a huge diamond in his scarf—a costume highly appropriate. He looked in fact an Indian Sidonia.

Up to the time of the mutiny, his father always insisted,—I state this on the authority of Sir Bartle Frere—that his children should wear the Oriental dress. When the crash came, he said—"Now wear European dress as much as you please, that it may be known on which side you are."

August

15. We are living at Bournemouth, where I am working at an article on Russia for the *North British Review*, afterwards reprinted in my *Studies in European Politics*, and seeing something of Hastings Russell, Taylor, who wrote *Philip van Artevelde*, Herzen, who is very angry with me because I differ with him about Poland, and others.

[1] Putting his finger on the defect which dimmed so much of the wisdom of that wise man.

23. Spedding, the rehabilitator or would-be rehabilitator of Bacon, called, and mentioned that Hartley Coleridge had once said to him—"Ireland has two great curses, Popery—and Protestantism."

26. At Sir John Simeon's at Swainston, in the Isle of Wight. His interesting collection of books, which was dispersed after his death, was for the most part here. I remember particularly the first edition of *Ronsard*, in the original vellum and gold.

We drove to-day to Alum Bay, where I found for the first time the exceptionally widely distributed, but to me unknown, *Samolus valerandi*.

Amongst other people staying in the house was Hallé, the great pianist, who played in the evening the "Harmonious Blacksmith," etc.

The conversation turning upon parrots, several good stories were told—amongst others one of a show of talking parrots, where the prize was to be given to the bird which most distinguished itself, and was gained by one which, brought at the last moment into the room, looked round and said—"Good Lord, what a lot of parrots!"

Some one mentioned that Lablache had said to the King of Naples, when he appeared with one hat on

his head and another in his hand—"Ma foi c'est trop pour un homme qui n'a pas de tête."

September

On the 13th of September I left London with Henry Smith, and went to Paris which was very empty. We found Renan, in a pleasant little house at Sèvres, busy over his second volume—afterwards published as *Les Apôtres*. He had been much struck with the Acts of the Apostles, which he thought underrated. The part, which the writer had actually seen, appeared to him "d'une netteté, et d'une fermeté remarquable." He believed Timothy had been "pour beaucoup" in its composition. He spoke of Berthelot, the chemist, who is living near him, his fine intellect and large views. Quite other is Regnault, whom I saw at Sèvres in the winter of 1859-60, who has done, says Henry Smith, an immensity for chemical science by his exact measurements and methods, but has no general ideas.

As we walked with Renan to the Ville d'Avray station, he told us he was writing an account of Duns Scotus, and said that he thought the Germans would

be more and more the Scots of the world in the sense of being its teachers.

From Paris we went by Bordeaux to St. Sebastian, where they were busily engaged in pulling down the fortifications, whose existence had been such a curse to the place. Thence we proceeded through a very mountainous country growing much maize, and admirably adapted for the guerilla warfare of which it was later the scene, to Salvatierra and the great upland plain of Vittoria.

19. At Burgos. The chief beauty of the cathedral consists in its carved stonework. The two spires and the interior of the cimborio or cupola are especially striking. So is most of the sculptured work on the tombs. The high altar was being repaired. There is little stained glass.

After seeing the other sights of Burgos and its neighbourhood, in clear cold weather with a hottish sun and heavy showers, we went on to Valladolid, whence we made an excursion to Simancas, but failed to get into the castle where the archives are kept, and which they told us was being cleaned.

I had an interesting talk at the Scotch College in Valladolid with its Rector, whose name was, I think,

Dr. Juan Cameron, from near Balmoral. He told me that, like the Scotch Colleges at Paris, Douay, Rome, and Ratisbon, it was founded after the Reformation. This College owed its origin to Lord Sempill, who, at first in the suite of Mary Queen of Scots, became an officer in the armies of Philip II., and served under the Prince of Orange. When he rebelled, Lord Sempill held with Spain, and left the rents of a house in Madrid and some other property to maintain this establishment, which was originally in Madrid. About 100 years ago, when the Jesuits were expelled, the Scotch College was transferred to this building at Valladolid, which had been the earliest house of the Jesuits in Spain. There were, when I visited it, eleven students. I had a good deal of talk with Dr. Juan Cameron about Spanish politics, of which he spoke as an intelligent and rather liberal looker-on.

21. I woke south of Avila, as we were getting amongst the great boulders, which cover the northern base of the Guadarrama range, into which we soon passed. The sunrise over it was very fine, and it was a relief to the eye after the hideous brown plâteau which we had crossed.

In Madrid we stayed for a week. Nothing could

exceed the charm of the early morning, but the middle of the day was very hot, and altogether the climate seemed to me to deserve its bad reputation. Here, as throughout Spain, I spent much time in reading the newspapers, and in collecting materials for a long paper, which I published, after my return, in the *North British Review*, and reprinted in my *Studies in European Politics*.

I had several very interesting talks with De Castro, a priest of strongly liberal opinions, and almoner to the Queen, to whom Renan had given me a letter; but the Duke of Rivas, Gayangos, and others, whom I wanted to see, were not in Madrid.

The gallery was a great pleasure, and one day we ran out to Toledo, the cathedral of which is to my mind far superior to any Gothic church I have ever seen, and, in its own way, quite beyond all praise.

On the 27th we saw the Armeria, which gave me quite a new idea of the skill, labour, and expense which were lavished on the production of beautiful armour. The same day we went to the Escurial, where the rooms of Philip II., close to the high altar, and the grand gloomy church struck me most.

I strolled out to look for plants on the hill behind

the palace, and found myself in a new world; but everything was out of flower and burnt up.

We reached Valencia on the morning of the 29th, went through its sights, and visited Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum.

October

On October 1st we embarked at the Grao, saw a fine sunset over the Huerta, and reached Barcelona in about twenty hours.

Our guide about Barcelona was a journalist—M. Mañe y Flaquer, to whom I had been introduced by Szarvady. I was very much struck by the intensely strong Catalan, as distinguished from Spanish feeling, which was shown in his conversation, and in that of some of his friends.

On the 4th of October we visited the Benedictine monastery on Montserrat, and on the 5th left Barcelona, for Saragossa. Just after passing Manresa—famous in the story of Loyola—which is well seen from the railway, there is a marvellous view of Montserrat.

Farther on we passed Lerida, the Ilerda of Horace, with its castle on a lofty rock, and washed by the

Segre. Soon after this we crossed into Arragon, but the same stern, bare, parched country surrounded us—the Pyrenees standing up far off on the right.

At the Fonda de Europa, in Saragossa, I fell in with Olozaga, and had a long conversation with him. Amongst other things he said that he himself had no wish to be at the head of the Government, but that he was organising his party with reference to great events which he expected, and of which he thought the French treaty with Italy was only the commencement.

6. We visited the old cathedral, which is fine in the interior, and ugly without. In the neighbouring modern one, the domes of which are covered with brilliant *azulejos*, is the local idol—The Virgin of the Pillar—and after seeing the people throw coppers at its feet, we rather agreed with Ford, that this is the very metropolis of Mariolatry. A visit to the Plateria confirmed this impression. We saw on the way back to our hotel two hideous images for which 20,000 reals apiece were asked.

We went over the University with a Professor—M. Borao. It is a wretched place, and the library contemptible. They have, however, some—perhaps a

good many—books of antiquarian interest, which they might sell and get useful ones. I observed, for instance, an *Aquinas*, printed by Scheffer, at Mainz, in 1467, which must be valuable; but most seemed mere rubbish.

The Professors are chiefly Absolutists, but M. Borao is evidently not so.

From Saragossa we travelled to Tudela, past Calahorra, the ancient Calagurris, up the Ebro to quiet Logroño, where Espartero was then living. Thence we passed by the Miranda junction to Bilbao, by a line carried along the edges of the hills, and one of the most beautiful in Europe.

At Bilbao I called on the poet Don Antonio Trueba, with a letter from M. Mañe y Flaquer, but did not find him. From Bilbao we went by Bayonne to Biarritz, where I found *Lobelia urens* and *Erica ciliaris*, both among the rarest of English plants. From Bayonne we passed in some twelve hours to Tours, whence we journeyed to Paris by Le Mans, passing Chartres, Rambouillet, Maintenon, Trappes, St. Cyr, and Versailles, in the darkness.

In how few countries are historic names so thickly sown!

22. Dined with Mr. Greg, at Wimbledon, meeting amongst others Miss Wilson. How little any of us guessed how many thousand miles we should all travel together before ten years had passed away!

25. Dr. Robert Lee introduced me in Edinburgh to Dean Ramsay, whom I saw to-day, elsewhere than in church, for the first and last time.

November

1. Long talk in Aberdeen with Mr. Grub, a great authority on Scotch Ecclesiastical history, about Mary Queen of Scots. He thought that Mary knew that something was going on, but not all the particulars of the plot against Darnley. He did not believe that Rizzio had any intrigue with the Queen, but considered him a most dangerous person, in the secrets of all the Catholic Powers.

On the 7th of November we went down to stay with my mother at Torquay, where I was chiefly occupied in reading about Spain, and where I saw a great deal of the Smirnoffs, a Russian family who were living there.

December

28. Mademoiselle Smirnoff characterised the society of Torquay very well when, coming into a room full of people this evening, she said to my wife—"This is like the Kingdom of Heaven,—nothing but women and priests."

1865

January

7. The Rev. Julian Young, son of the famous actor, mentioned to me that a friend of his, after a visit to Strathfieldsaye, told him that Judge Allan Park asked to see Copenhagen—who was, however, dead. The Duke then related how on the 17th of June, having had a horse shot under him before 9 A.M., he mounted Copenhagen, and rode till 8 P.M., dined and had Copenhagen fed, rode 12 miles to Wavre to see Blücher, then 2 miles farther and back, 28 in all; was nearly drowned in a dyke, but saved by his orderly. Copenhagen kicked out at him when he patted him on his return.

Mr. Young also told me that he had in his possession a paper in Lord Alvanley's handwriting, of which he read me a copy, explaining why the Duke had not tried to save Ney. At the time of Ney's death, the

Duke was not going to the Tuileries—Louis XVIII. having picked a quarrel with him, the Duke thought on purpose to make it useless for him to intercede, as the Comte D'Artois was sent immediately after to make up the quarrel. These facts were written down by Lord Alvanley, with the Duke's permission, at Walmer.

Sir H. Webster gave Mr. Young an account of his ride to Brussels, and sudden appearance at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, with a despatch for the Prince of Orange, to whom he gave it: the Prince handed it to the Duke, who ordered the Prince of Orange's carriage for Waterloo, and twenty minutes after, the ball-room was half deserted.

February

2. Bergenroth dines with us to meet Gallenga in London, who was fated, about four years after this, to send to England the first news of his death at Madrid, under very melancholy circumstances. A little later, I introduced him to Cartwright, who, as it chanced, became his biographer.

21. Dined at the Athenaeum with Kinglake, Hayward, and Bunbury. It was the father of the last

named, then an Under Secretary of State, who was sent to announce to Napoleon that he was to be removed to St. Helena. See the account in Scott's *Napoleon*, which is correct with one quite unaccountable exception,—Scott mentioning as present a person who was not present, and of whom Bunbury had never heard. This person wrote to Bunbury to explain that it was no fault of his, but the origin of Scott's blunder was never cleared up. What struck Bunbury most about the Emperor was, that he did not look like a gentleman.

March

5. With Arthur Russell to see the Carlyles. He has just finished his *Frederick*, and, sadly distressed for want of an occupation, is reading Gordon's Tacitus *faute de mieux*. He was, as might have been expected, very emphatic in his condemnation of the Liberal party in Prussia.

April

1. Met J. S. Mill in the lobby of the Athenaeum, whither he had come to call on some one — the first time I have seen him for years.

21. Long talk in Paris with Prévost Paradol, who

has been to Egypt, and saw Lady Duff Gordon at Luxor. He was much pleased with the people.

He gave me an account of Sainte-Beuve's recent visit to the Emperor, to announce his (Prévost Paradol's) election as a member of the Académie Française. In making the announcement, Sainte-Beuve said—"Your Majesty will of course understand that the election has no political meaning. If it had, it would not be I who would have announced it to you." "Ah!" said the Emperor, "but how has M. Prévost Paradol earned this high honour? Has he produced any great works?" "No," was the reply, "but he has produced a great many small ones. No one now produces great works in France,—at least *we men of letters* do not."

To see Ollivier, with whom I had a very long conversation about his own position, and his relations with other members of the Liberal Party. Between him and Picard there is evidently a complete breach.

To-night being Friday, there was a large gathering at Madame Mohl's, and, as it was Easter time, there were many English,—Reeve, Browning, and Mat. Arnold amongst others. We had also Gigot, Khanikoff, etc.

24. To see in Brussels Madame von Hügel, wife of the Austrian Minister there, the well-known botanist, friend of Metternich, and writer on India, the Pacific Ocean, etc. She gave me a very curious account of her drive with the Emperor and Empress of Mexico, when they left Brussels. He fairly broke down, and lost all control of himself, while she sat like a statue.

Efforts of that kind had doubtless a good deal to do with the shipwreck of her reason.

25. I have brought to Brussels a good many letters from Jules Simon, and see to-day, amongst others, M. Couvreur, a politician, who, if in England, might perhaps be classed with the Manchester School; M. Rogier, the head of the present administration, and Frère Orban, one of its most distinguished members. I also attended a sitting of the Lower Chamber.

26. To see Quetelet, the astronomer, at the Observatory, and again to the Chamber, where M. Rogier, a brother of the premier, acted as my nomenclator; dining at night with M. von Hügel, whom I met for the first time—my acquaintance having been with her side of the house.

27. I spent a good deal of time to-day with the

Courlander Baron Theodore de Fircks, better known by his anagram of Schedo-Ferroti, whom Herzen abused to me most heartily, but who nevertheless contrives to write some of the most instructive and sensible books about Russia which I have ever had the luck to see.

A large dinner at the Austrian Embassy, where I had much talk with the President of the Chamber, who had been sorely put to it to know what to do in the matter of a duel, which had lately taken place between M. Chazal, the Minister for War, and M. Delaet, one of the deputies for Antwerp, with which affair the Chamber was occupied yesterday.

May

31. Dined with the Theodore Martins, meeting Browning, Helps, Venables, Miss Durrant the sculptress, Froude, and Herbert, who painted the Moses in the Peers' robing room, etc. Dean Stanley told us that when Trench became Archbishop of Dublin, he received from him a letter couched in these words—"With the abhorred shears of a legal document, I have just put an end to my decanal existence, and as I did so the following lines came into my mind:—

"'Si quâ sede sedes et sit tibi commoda sedes,
Istâ sede sede nec ab istâ sede recede.'"

Under this date too, I find noted Venables's unorthodox translation of *quod semper, quod ubique et ab omnibus*—"That which in the year 325, in the insignificant little town of Nicaea, was carried by the vote of a single bishop."

Helps asked if any one knew the context of the saying—"Sinere res vadere ut vadunt." I remembered it from school-boy days. It runs as follows:—

"Tria faciunt monachum
Legere Breviarium taliter qualiter,
Parere superiori
Et sinere res vadere ut vadunt."

June

6. Long and beautiful ride with my wife, who is staying at Bath for her health, across the field of Lansdowne, past the monument of Sir Bevil Grenville, and home through lanes full of campion and speedwell.

10. Dined at the Trafalgar, with the *Pall Mall Gazette* people, in virtue of having written two or three papers in that periodical. I sat next Charles

Lever, who told me that as soon as Cavour heard of the French Revolution, he said to Hudson—"*Voici l'Empire.*"

16. Dined with Lord Houghton—a large party given to introduce Lecky, whose *History of Rationalism* is exciting great attention. There were present, Grote, Sir Edmund Head, Sir Henry Holland, Murchison, Arthur Russell, Venables, and Higgins—better known as Jacob Omnium. Here too, I met for the first and last time Joe Parkes, the famous wire-puller of 1832.

The conversation turning upon Jefferson Davis, our host, who took the northern side very strongly, said he would certainly be hanged. To this we replied that if he were not hanged, he would infallibly dine or breakfast in that house within the year.

26. Took Jules Simon over the Houses of Parliament, and was introduced by him to the Comte de Paris. We had dined at Dr. de Mussy's to meet them both, but they, being detained by some accident, came down to Westminster later, and I keep as a curious relic Dr. de Mussy's card, with their names in their own handwriting upon it.

July

1. Distribute the prizes at University College,—Lord Brougham, now in extreme old age, sitting at my right hand.

13. Lord Palmerston's long Parliament having come to an end, I went down some days ago to Scotland, and was to-day re-elected for the Elgin Burghs.

August

4. To see Abd-el-Kader, who has brought me a letter from Charles Eynard. He speaks only Arabic, so that I could not satisfactorily communicate with him, but I was much struck with his grave and graceful manner of giving one his benediction.

On the 9th we left London, and passing by Brussels and Cologne, where I had a long talk with Dr. Kruse, the Editor of the *Cologne Gazette*, about German politics, we settled on the 12th at Monbijou, a house which we had taken at Unkel, a little below Remagen on the right bank of the river.

It was a very pretty place, the drawing-room windows looking straight down the great reach of the

Rhine, which is closed by the Rolandseck and the Drachenfels. Much of the plain between it and the Seven Mountains is covered with vineyards, out of which villages—Scheuren, Rheinbreitbach, etc.—rise at intervals.

Upon climbing the old bank of the river, which bounds the valley on the right, one comes to a high, bare, half-cultivated region, from which, however, there are fine views looking back.

Here we led a very quiet life for a month, reading, rowing a little, going now and then to Bonn to see the elder Brandis, and making excursions to Andernach, to the lake and abbey of Laach nestling among its beech woods, to Altenahr, and elsewhere.

The autumn flora of the district is not very rich, but I found, nevertheless, some species new to me in flower. Among these were *Lepidium graminifolium*, the brilliant *Isatis tinctoria*, *Bupleurum falcatum*, very common on the edges of the valley here—though one of the rarest of English plants —*Linosyris vulgaris*, which I found only once near Altenahr, the *Inula*, which by some odd confusion goes through life with the name of *Britannica*, though it is a stranger to Britain, and the beautiful

Prunella grandiflora,[1] which I gathered on an expedition to the extinct crater of the Roderberg.

September

On the morning of September 12th we left Monbijou, and went to Heidelberg, where I saw Schenkel, the theologian, who told me much about the publications of the last year or two on the Liberal side. From Heidelberg we went to Stuttgardt, and thence by Cannstadt to Göppingen, near which the Upper Neckar line goes off to Tübingen. Our way lay up the beautiful valley of the Fils, through the Swabian Alps and Hohenstaufen country to Geislingen, remarkable for its manufacture of articles in bone. Thence a very steep incline took us up the Stubenheim Alp, and down upon Ulm.

14. Out early, and through the town to the banks of the Danube, here a stream perhaps about as large as the Tay at Perth, and very rapid.

After breakfast to the cathedral, where we were present at a marriage. The clergyman stood within the altar rails in a black Geneva gown. The organ is fine,

[1] Probably only a variety of the common *Self-heal*, but widely distributed, for I found it again on the Nilgiris, in Southern India.

and the simple blue window behind it had an extremely good effect. The stained glass in the choir is very rich.

I went alone up the tower. The day was magnificent. Far off the Alps of Tyrol and of Switzerland were seen as faint clouds. So was one of the peaks of the Black Forest.

Near, down the Danube, is Elchingen, which gave Ney his title.

From Ulm we went to Munich, and so by Rosenheim to Jenbach, whence we drove up the Zillerthal. At Fügen we stopped at the inn, where the landlord, his two daughters (the younger very pretty), and his son, sang and played Tyrolese airs charmingly. The instruments were the zither and the guitar.

Long before we reached Zell it was dark night—no moon, but the most splendid starlight—Jupiter and the Milky Way in great beauty. The river rushed and roared by our side, and far off lights sparkled among the hills.

From Zell we drove through the pleasant morning air to Mayrhofen, then rode on to the little Alpine bath of Hinterdux, behind which rise the glaciers of the Gefrorne Wand; and the next day, passing the

Duxer Jochl, between seven and eight thousand feet high, descended a long, lovely valley to the Brenner road and Innsbruck.

On the 19th I climbed the Patscher Kofl with a guide from the Botanic Gardens, and made my first acquaintance with many alpine plants, which I was afterwards to know better.

The top of the mountain was carpeted with the *Azalea procumbens*, upon whose smooth leaves the foot slipped.

We passed the night of the 20th at Rosenheim, where at Greiderer's hotel we slept in a quaint old room, with stained glass and an Erker window. From Rosenheim we went by rail to Traunstein, and then plunged into the delicious region between it and Berchtesgaden.

The country was at first undulating, with beautiful green meadows, and a clear river. Beyond Inzell it became mountainous, and the pass or series of passes thence to Reichenhall are beautiful. From Inzell we walked on for about an hour through charming woods, —the tall *Gentiana asclepiadea* must have been a fortnight ago a great feature along the waysides, but it is now out of flower.

The defiles grew bolder and grander as we approached Reichenhall, and the finest part of the road was just where a branch highway goes off, down a steep descent to the Pinzgau. A stream rushes below at a great depth, and at one point under its overhanging bank we saw ice, which had lasted all the summer through.

Reichenhall, a very ancient salt station, which has been eleven times burned down, lies in an open valley. A fair was going on, and we admired the neck chains of the peasants, but the place is quite without interest.

We pursued our route by the Hallthurm pass, skirting the Austrian frontier, and passing under the Untersberg. In the fine fir woods by the road-side I found many cyclamens still in bloom, and as we descended on the village of Berchtesgaden I gathered *Dryas octopetala* in flower.

22. We drove to the hotel at the foot of the Königsee. As we approached it, the views of the mountains—especially of the greater and lesser Watzmann, with the glacier between their peaks—were magnificent. A boat of very simple construction, which, however, was got through the water at a great

pace, took us to the hunting-box of the King, and the *restauration* called St. Bartholomae, where we landed, and walked to the small glacier known as the Eis Kapelle. In the woods were many gentians—at least four distinct species. The whole region round is a royal chase. The lake is an infinitely grander and more beautiful Loch Katrine.

Towards the St. Bartholomae end, the mountains, reflected in the water, took the shape of a gigantic bridge far below our boat.

One little horn, standing out from the ridge, recalls the Pic du Midi. In some places the cliffs are quite perpendicular, and of very great height. The echo is good and celebrated.

After an absence of four hours, we returned to the inn at the foot of the lake, and drove past Berchtesgaden to Salzburg, which we reached before sunset.

We arrived at Vienna in the middle of a political crisis, of which, as I had a number of introductions, I heard a great deal, and with reference to which I have copious notes.

The great changes of 1866, however, have made the events of this time in Austria a matter of ancient history, and I pass them over. Here, however, is a

fragment of a conversation with a very intelligent man, too curious to be omitted :—

"There is no Klein-Deutsch party in Austria. No true Austrian can bear the idea of there being any power in Germany, equal to Austria. Sooner or later, it must come to a struggle between the two in the field. There is a party in favour of the *Trias Idée*, or at least a party which would prefer that solution to a great war."

I asked if there was any party in favour of giving up Venetia,—"Quite out of the question. The proposal would be as good as an abdication, and a million volunteers would be got together to prevent it in a twinkling. To give up Venetia would not only be to lose honour, but to give up access to the East. Trieste is indefensible without Venetia. Dalmatia is worth nothing. Pola is the only war harbour, and that could not be made secure against attack. The idea of giving up Venetia is a mere dream of the foreign Press."

These views, so strangely falsified by the event, and which appeared to me, even at the time, so thoroughly perverse, were by no means confined to persons whose general line of politics agreed with that

of the person whom I have been quoting, and who belonged to the "Great Austrian" party. I found precisely the same opinions held by the leading advocate of Deák's views, with respect to Hungary, in the Vienna Press.

Dr. Kuranda, the editor of the *Deutsche Post*, took a more sensible line. He thought the time must come when Venetia would have to be given up, but not yet awhile, and only after a war.

From Vienna we went to Presburg and Pesth, travelling between these two towns with a Countess P——, a very handsome and brilliant person. She was a Sclavonian from near Essek, but, having married into the opposite camp, had become more Magyar than the Magyars, and amused us much by the fury of her patriotism.

28. Drove after breakfast through the new tunnel under Buda, and up the dusty hills to the villa of Baron Eötvös, to whom Somerset Beaumont had given me a letter. It is a long, low building, with a view of perhaps fifty miles across the great plains. Eötvös and his two daughters received us very kindly. Of course he was in high spirits. Sooner or later he believed Pesth must be the centre of a Danubian

Austria, and in this way the German question would be settled. He talked of Political Economy, which he had studied deeply, and considered that the Free Trade question was of all others the one most important for Hungary. The great difficulty in the Nationalities question was caused, he said, by the totally different comparative civilisation of the various races—the Wallacks being about the worst. He thought it was the probable destiny of Austria to fight much, before the Eastern question was settled.

We spoke too, I remember, of Montalembert, from whom he had recently heard.

Later in the afternoon we drove about sight-seeing with Vambéry, the Central Asian traveller, whose acquaintance I had made at the Mitchells' in London, for our guide; and next day, by advice of Baron Eötvös, put ourselves into the train, and crossed the great level to Debreczin.

29. After ten German miles we reached Czegled, where we changed carriages—the main line going on to Szegedin. Passing Abony, we reached Szolnok, and soon afterwards crossed first a dry branch, and then the main stream of the Theiss—here a broad

sluggish ditch—but a formidable river in flood time, as the great embankments show. The character of the landscape on both sides of the river is the same—sometimes cultivated, often quite untouched by the hand of man. Here and there were flocks of sheep, of pigs, or of grey horned cattle. The whole surface was burnt up, and it is difficult to understand what the animals find to eat. Of dry short grass there was now and then a little, but only now and then. In general, the only plants which rose above the brown burnt-up ground were species of goosefoot. In a few places along the line there are meagre oak or *Robinia* plantations, and a pretty *Aster* (I think *Amellus*) was abundant in at least one of them.

As elements in the landscape, I note also the far-scattered farmhouses, the great white dogs, the sunflowers, the tobacco now in bloom, the maize, the stubble, the grey oxen ploughing, the draw-wells, and the thirsty cattle round them.

At Kasczag, capital of Cumania, a gipsy chief—the most picturesque barbarian possible—got into the train. He wore a tall peaked Astracan cap, a coat of the same material, and a huge silver chain, which must have weighed many pounds. His long black

hair hung about his neck, and his complexion was as dark as that of many Hindoos.

30. I walked before breakfast about Debreczin, the Magyar capital. In the wide main street were some thousand people—peasants with their carts, clad in the Bunda, market-women in their sheepskin cloaks, curiously embroidered, gipsies selling ironware, housewives or servants out making purchases, wearing on their heads a dark handkerchief, and with pretty small features. Here and there a lady in white, with the Hungarian cap, townspeople in their braided coats, and Austrian soldiers,—a motley gathering as one could wish to see.

Add, to complete the picture, the great heaps of maize, the piles of variegated water melons, the tomatoes, the red pepper, the grapes, and the small wretched-looking peaches.

This main street is the only one in Debreczin which has the least of a town character about it. The rest are for the most part long lines of farm-houses, each with its farmyard.[1]

After breakfast, we went to see the head of

[1] Long years afterwards, when I went to Hyderabad to be present at the Installation of the Nizam, I was struck with the odd resemblance of some parts of that city to Debreczin.

the Calvinist College—a tall, slight, military personage, who was very polite and communicative. In the Library are many pictures of persons, celebrated in the annals of Hungarian Protestantism,—a bust of the only poet Debreczin has produced, etc. etc.

In Debreczin, the true population of which is not known, but which our friend pu- at 45,000, there may be 4000 Catholics, the rest being *Reformirte*.

In the Oratorium of this building the Revolutionary assembly held its sittings, 170 being present, and in the large church close by the declaration of Independence was made.

October

I spent the 1st and 2nd of October in Vienna, talking much with Morier and Mallet, who were there about the Commercial Treaty, and also with Mr. Winterstein, a considerable authority on finance. From Vienna I went to Munich, where I spent a very interesting hour with Dr. Döllinger, conversing, however, chiefly of matters, the interest of which has now long passed away.

We next struck southward, passed a day at the castle of Syrgenstein, a beautiful place near Hergatz,

which had been bought some years before by some English friends of ours; then striking the lake of Constance, we traversed it from end to end, and returned to Monbijou by Freiburg in the Breisgau, and the Rhenish Railway.

We stayed at Monbijou till the 31st of October, going a good deal to Bonn, and seeing much of George von Bunsen, of Brandis, the Secretary to the Queen of Prussia, of Sybel the historian, etc. etc., and talking no end of German politics.

Speaking of Pusey, the elder Brandis said to me one day—"He is *Ehren-Katholik*."

14. Bunsen and the younger Brandis having come to see us, and being about to return to Bonn by the Seven Mountains, I walked with them to Rheinbreitbach, crossed the grounds of a merchant of Elberfeld, who is laying out a place *à l'Anglaise*, passed behind Honnef, climbed through vineyards to the brushwood region, thence through pleasant oak copses to a Hochwald of beech, the only one in the Seven Mountains. An easy walk leads to the summit of the Löwenburg, and to the ruins of the castle famous in the history of the Reformation. The view is extensive and nearly panoramic. Far

off the Rhine Province stretches towards Westphalia. On the other side are the Seven Mountains, and beyond the Rhine the Ölbruck, the Hohe Acht, and close by the crater of the Roderberg, best seen from above.

We lunched at a little cottage restaurant, and thence passed through copses, by easy paths, to the Wolkenburg, which we climbed, descending to Königswinter. Here, after sunset, we parted, they to Bonn, I home to Unkel in brilliant starlight.

George von Bunsen avers that Professor Brandis travelled many years ago in England with the great scholar Becker, who knew English much better than Brandis, but would never speak it. When, however, Brandis made a mistake, Becker groaned!

It was of Becker that Niebuhr used the phrase which was later so often repeated about Moltke—"Becker is silent in seven languages."

We talked about Gervinus, and they made me laugh by describing his walks with Weber, not a word passing between them till they part, when Gervinus says "So geht's, Weber," and Weber replies "So geht's, Gervinus."

On the 19th I went with the younger Brandis,

and Wirtgen, author of a Flora of the Rhine province, for a very interesting excursion among the extinct volcanoes of the Maifeld. It was that day that I learnt from Brandis, upon joining him at Remagen station, the news of the death of Palmerston.

All Bonn was agitated at this time by a desperate quarrel between the two great scholars, Jahn and Ritschl, the details of which I now forget, but which completely divided society.

On the 31st of October we left Unkel, and slept at Liège, where I spent the evening with Mr. Desoer, a friend of Jules Simon, and with the well-known publicist, Emile de Lavéleye.

November

On the 1st of November, after seeing the sights of the place with Mr. Desoer, I went to Brussels, where I conversed with Berardi of the *Indépendance Belge*, and with Schedo-Ferroti, going on from Brussels only as far as Lille, my wife being unwell, and unable to travel quickly.

3. From Lille to London, where we stayed for a few days, and then went down again to Torquay on a visit to my mother, during which I was chiefly

occupied in reading about Austria, and in writing a paper, which I shortly afterwards published in the *North British Review*, and reprinted in my *Studies in European Politics*.

December

12. The Dowager Lady Brownlow told me that she was sitting by the Prince of Orange when his engagement to the Princess Charlotte was announced to about two hundred people.

END OF VOL. I

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